Saturday Night

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H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT: First visit. (Page 4)

The Front Page

Soon the Supreme Court of Canada will begin to hear arguments for and against the notorious Quebec Padlock Law, preliminary to deciding whether or not the provincial statute is constitutional. Shorn of legal terminology, the question to be answered by the Court is simply this: has a province any right to limit the civil liberties of its citizens?

The question is not a new one for the Court. When the Aberhart Government in Alberta passed an act intended to gag the province's newspapers, a majority of the Justices ruled that the act was unconstitutional, because civil liberties were the responsibility of the nation's Parliament. That seemed clear enough. But last year, when the Court came to decide on the legality of a Quebec City by-law that gave the chief of police the power to decide what printed matter could be distributed in the city's streets, the Justices were sadly divided in their opinions about the right of a province to place limitations on freedom of assembly, of worship and of speech. The result was wholly unsatisfactory; four members of the Court thought the

SECURITY OR FREEDOM?
By Roderick Haig-Brown: Page 7

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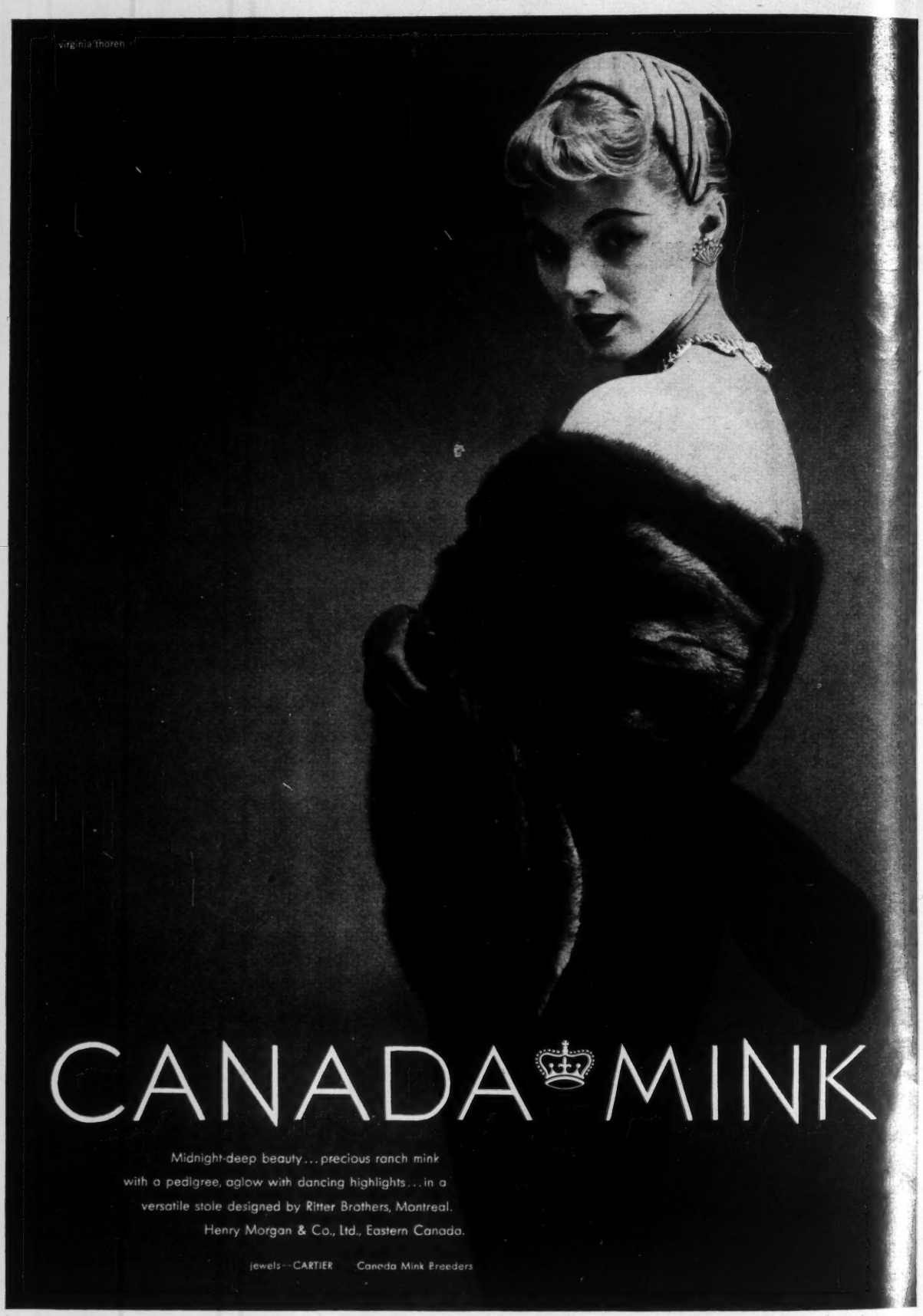
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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

by-law was illegal, four that it was permissible, and the ninth that it "generally" was valid but could not be applied to religious publications—a loophole that the Quebec Legislature soon plugged by amending the provincial Freedom of Worship Act.

The indecision of the Court in the case of the by-law took away much of the strength of the ruling on the Alberta press law. Now the same issue comes up again for settlement. For nearly two decades, despite the Alberta finding, the Padlock Law has been enforced in Quebec — a law that gives the Attorney-General of the Province the right to padlock, without reference to a court of law, any building that he believes is being used by people trying to spread the doctrine of Communism or Bolshevism. The words Communism and Bolshevism are not defined; obviously, the law could be used against any person or organization disliked by the Government in power, but the Quebec Court of Appeal has upheld the statute, on the ground that it concerns property rights, not political opinion.

It has taken nearly twenty years for the Padlock Law to be brought before the highest court in the land, twenty years during which a province has been able to set aside the traditional rights of free citizens. This has been possible because of the reluctance of Parliament to get down to the necessary job of amending the Canadian constitution in such a way as to protect the civil rights of all citizens, no matter where they live in Canada.

The decision of the Supreme Court in the case of the Padlock Law will not ease the constitutional responsibility of Parliament. It has been demonstrated clearly how varied the interpretations of the present constitution can be, and how a province can get around the rulings of the Court. What is needed is a thorough revision of the British North America Act, to give it new strength and power — and to make it clear that civil rights are a national heritage, not the private property of provincial politicians.

Gamesmanship

THE EMPIRE Games committee tossed a cocktail party a couple of weeks ago for the Duke of Edinburgh — a gay, informal affair at which the pasteurized cream of Vancouver society could come within breathing distance of the distinguished visitor. Shortly before the Duke arrived, the ladies present were informed that things would become gay and informal only after they had proved their loyalty and demonstrated their athletic prowess by curtseying, an exercise not normally recognized as part of the British Empire Games, but reputed to be an excellent test of poise, muscular control and

The Front Page

sobriety. The ladies, only slightly taken aback, went into a fast warm-up, and by the time the Duke arrived, were prepared; there wasn't a single pratfall or creaking joint, and the party went on. The final summary: fair to maudlin.

Another Umpire

IF ANY confirmation were needed of our national talent for compromise, it could be found in the steady recruiting of Canadians for jobs on the various truce commissions that seem to have become a permanent part of international life in the postwar world. The selection of Canadians for these ticklish tasks may also be evidence of our growing stature as a nation and of foreign confidence in our impartiality, of course, but there is no doubt that one of our best recommendations is our unwavering preference for the dull grey middle-ground between the blacks and whites of opposed opinions.

Capital Press

GEN. E. L. M. BURNS: Remote.

One of the most recent Canadian appointments to the ranks of the international umpires has been that of Maj.-Gen. E. L. M. Burns, deputy minister of the Department of Veterans' Affairs, who becomes the new chief of staff of the UN truce organization in Palestine. General Burns undoubtedly will live up to the Canadian tradition of propriety and compromise, but there must be some misgiving about some of his other capabilities. Any administrative work for which he may be responsible will be done efficiently; protocol will never be violated; but if the job demands a deep warm understanding of human relationships, he is in for a rough time.

During his long career as a soldier, General Burns showed that he was an excellent administrator and did valuable work in connection with the study of aerial photographs; but as a commander of large formations in battle he was less successful, the uninspired orthodoxy of his tactical thinking emphasized by an almost surly remoteness from those who had to carry out his orders. His years as a civil servant in the Department of Veterans' Affairs may have mellowed him, given him an appreciation of men as something more than so many bodies wearing badges of rank. We sincerely hope that this has come about; the chance of his getting solid results with the Palestine truce commission will, in that case, be good.

The Fascinated Germans

WE'VE BEEN pondering the significance of a report from Bonn, Germany, dealing with a recent survey of 18,000 owners of TV sets in that city. More than 25 per cent of the people interviewed, it seems, said they were getting along without bathrooms in order to have TV, while many others preferred TV to telephones. One was quoted: "If you have TV you forget about having a bath, and a telephone only interrupts the program." We can only conclude that German TV has either outstripped all others in inspired presentation or has not yet reached that point in its program development where a bathroom becomes an absolute necessity.

Mess in Ontario

IF THE opposition parties in Ontario had any sort of skilful leadership, Premier Leslie Frost's administration would now be in serious trouble as a result of the exposure of the lax, wasteful methods used by the provincial Department of Highways. But in their eagerness to take advantage of the opportunity so generously given them by Mr. Doucett, the Minister of Highways, the Liberal and CCF spokesmen have been acting like greedy children at a party, running madly from one treat to another, stuffing themselves and trying to shout about the things they have found, all in the same breath. The result has been incoherence and confusion.

The ineptitude of the opposition has been all the more dismal because the performance of the Frost regime itself has been considerably less than brilliant. Only the other day, for example, Mr. Frost had to rush back to Queen's Park from a holiday to make sure that new contracts

The Front Page

for work on highways would not be awarded to companies still involved in court cases arising from investigations into earlier road jobs. Apparently the new contracts were on the point of being given to a couple of the companies mixed up in the inquiry. And all the while Mr. Doucett clings stubbornly to office.

At the very best, there has been startling inefficiency in the provincial Department of Highways, and for this Mr. Doucett must bear the responsibility. He is the elected representative charged with the direction of the Department; if his subordinates have been careless or incompetent, he must bear the blame. That is the harsh meaning of responsible government. Mr. Doucett himself is an able man with an agreeable personality; he has worked industriously as a member of the Legislature and the Cabinet. But the fact which both he and Mr. Frost must face is that poor administration in the Department of Highways has wasted a considerable amount of public money, and the proper thing for a Minister to do under such circumstances is to leave the cabinet.

Opinion-holders

NOTHING VERY startling was revealed when the Gallup people took a sampling of Canadian opinion about the H-bomb. Half of those questioned (the half that reads the first couple of paragraphs below the headlines) favored international control; a third (the seemingly indestructible minority convinced that men's minds can be closed by the passing of a law) voted for the banning of the Bomb; and the remainder (the constant, dazed Remainder) hadn't thought enough about it to reach any decision. Naturally, the younger Canadians took a less positive viewpoint than their elders. To the teenage opinion-holder, absorbed in bop, baseball, the recalcitrance of motors and the inviolability of dates, the problem of violent death is less than imaginable—it isn't even important. And if it were any different, the world would die in one shuddering day.

After the Wars

ON THE 40th anniversary of the outbreak of the first of the world wars, we thought, the best company for any talk or surmise about the past four decades of death and discovery was that of the men who had done a considerable amount of the fighting, and so we went around to the biennial convention of the Canadian Legion being held in Toronto. We mingled among the delegates, listening to talk about housing and pensions and the memories spawned by a hundred scattered battlefields, until we came to Dr. Clarence Basil Lumsden, who was closing off two years as Dominion President of the Legion. Dr. Lumsden, who earned a Ph.D. degree from Yale, and a Military Medal for gallantry before losing an arm at the Somme in 1916, is Professor of Biblical Interpretation at Acadia University.

"The Legion's purpose is to look after the interests of all veterans," he said. "We have 220,000 members, and there are many more ex-servicemen than that, but our work benefits all. The older veterans are our principal concern now, especially those who are unemployed or unemployable and who have no means of survival. We have special service bureaux to look into and help individual cases. A great deal of Legion activity has to do with individual cases, injustices, inability to claim pension rights and so on. We are quite happy with the provisions made for the veterans at the end of the Second World War, and hope similar provisions would be carried on in the event of another war — which God forbid."

Ashley & Crippen

DR. C. B. LUMSDEN: Selective draft.

We suggested that the Legion also had a deep interest in the present arrangements for national defence. Dr. Lumsden agreed, and recalled various suggestions made to the Government by the Legion from time to time. "I feel that the reserve forces can't be kept up to full strength without national service — that is, some sort of selective draft, not general conscription," he said. "The Legion would support the Government in any steps it took in this direction. General Crerar in his speech a couple of days ago suggested selective training for a period of six months, and the Legion would go along with that view. The delegates are quite critical of the recently announced plan for the re-organization of the Reserve Army, because they do not think it will do any particular good. We would not presume to dictate to the Government, but we would wholeheartedly support a selective draft to keep the reserve force up to a good standard."

The Unforgiving

THE RESOLUTION passed at the recent national convention of the CCF did not deviate from what has become a predictable pattern. There were denunciations of "reactionaries" like Chiang Kai-shek and Syngman Rhee, but soft words or gentle silence for such champions of freedom as Mao Tse-tung, who is growing fat gobbling up his neighbors, or Nehru, who talks of peace while waving a club at Pakistan. And, of course, the harshest words were saved for the United States; the Socialists can never forgive the U.S. for making such a success of free enterprise.

Bad Manners (*Cover Story*)

WHEN Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent visits Toronto next week to open the Canadian National Exhibition, the welcome she gets will, we hope, make up for the gross discourtesy shown by the officials of the CNE. The Duchess is gracious and well-bred, as well as beautiful, and she will not judge all Canadians by the bad manners of a few; but knowing this does not lessen the shame felt by decent people all across the country.

Robert Saunders, President of the CNE, may have been thoughtless when he issued a shocked statement about the purported cost of the visit by the Duchess, but that does not excuse the bad taste or the stupidity of the act. Exhibition officials could easily have found out what the expenses were likely to be long before any invitation was issued, and a decision could have been reached quietly and decently, with embarrassment to no one. But to start quibbling in public about the cost after the invitation has been made and accepted is downright boorishness.

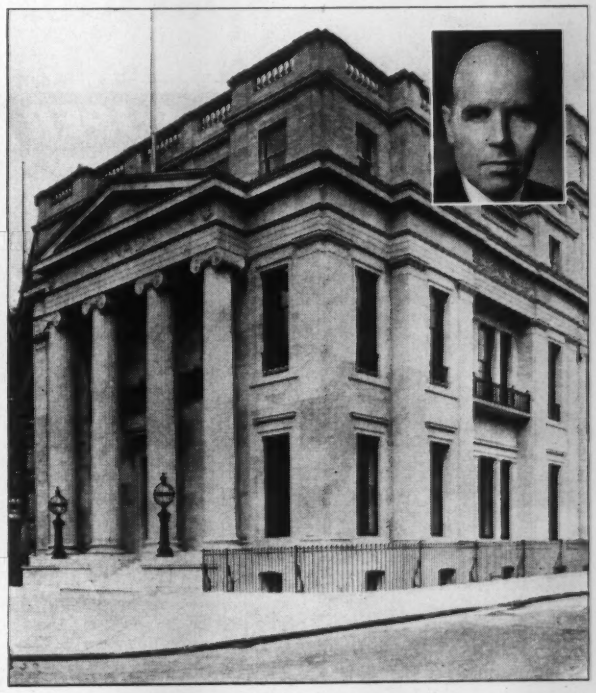
A couple of muckraking English newspapers seized gleefully on the outburst by Mr. Saunders and raised quite a ruckus about the size of the retinue the Duchess was bringing to Canada, but Canadians can find no comfort in this vulgar defence of discourtesy.

Fortunately, the Duchess will get to see quite a bit more of Eastern Canada than the Exhibition grounds and will meet many more Canadians than the Exhibition officials. Her first visit to this country could still turn out to be a pleasant experience for her.

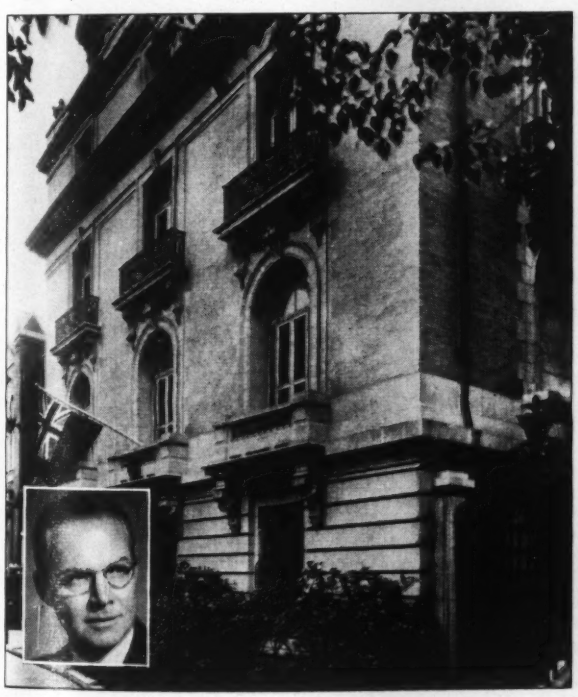
Canada Abroad: Diplomats and Dignity

Foreign Representation Is a Large and Expensive Operation

PARIS RESIDENCE AND AMBASSADOR JEAN DESY



CANADA HOUSE, LONDON: HIGH COMMISSIONER N. A. ROBERTSON



WASHINGTON CHANCERY AND AMBASSADOR ARNOLD HEENEY

Photos courtesy Department of External Affairs

TOKYO HEADQUARTERS AND AMBASSADOR T. C. DAVIS

Big expansion in External Affairs came in the years following the last war when the Department moved from the direct control of the Prime Minister and proceeded to set up housekeeping in all major capitals of the world. Calibre and numbers of Department personnel have increased and with this an expansion of plant in keeping with the dignity of an international power. Supply passed at the last session of Parliament included items for representation abroad of $6,301,835 for salaries and $1,945,480 for construction, acquisition or improvement of buildings, land, etc. Cost of Departmental administration stood at the figure of $3,333,583 and total annual costs now reach $40 million.

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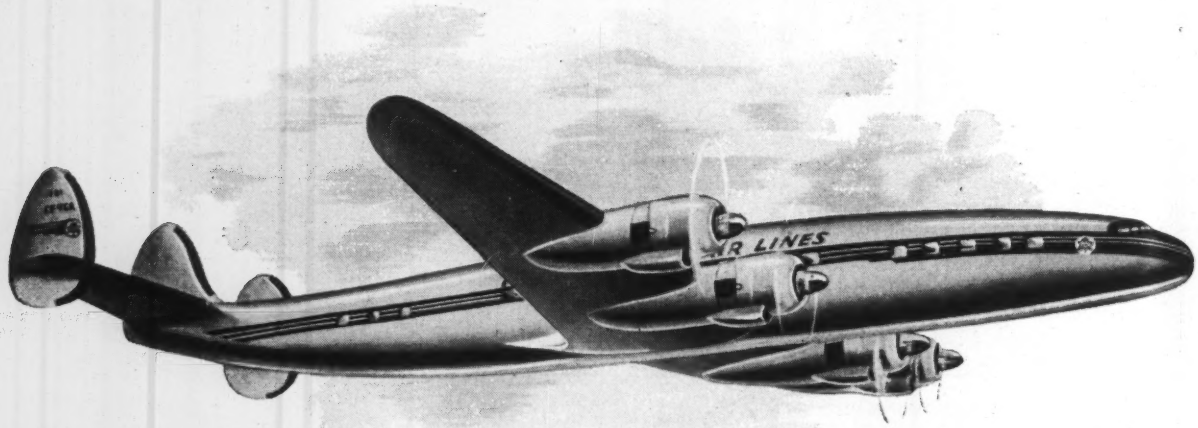

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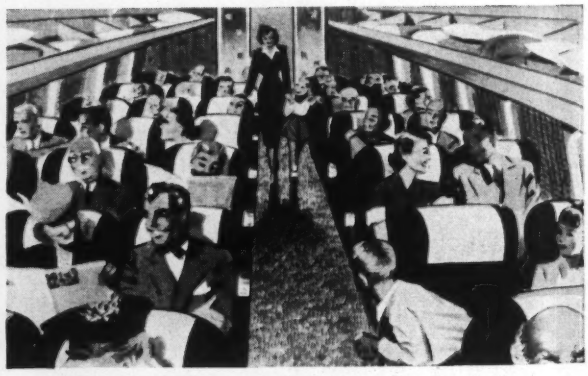

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TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

Choice for Canadians: Security or Freedom

By RODERICK L. HAIG-BROWN

MATERIAL SECURITY is a fine thing. It can make for stable families, well adjusted children, reasonable contentment and the sort of cushioned lives that most people feel they need. A good measure of it, through family allowances, old age pensions, veterans' pensions, government and private pension schemes of many kinds, unemployment insurance and ready social assistance, is undoubtedly needed to maintain the modern industrial economy of produce and use and throw away.

Certain other merits are claimed for it, notably that it makes men free to think and talk and develop into the positive individuals that a democracy needs. Of these claims I am much more doubtful. Security, like anything else, has its price, and the price is not payable in taxes alone. Security is a stifling and deadly thing for many people. The idea of it grips their minds in the schoolroom, limits them in choice of university training, grooves and patterns their working lives, gently eases them into the second-rate satisfactions of shiny mass production and eventually plants them in well-kept graves after a lifelong illusion of life. So far from having lived as free and constructive citizens, they will have paid unceasing tribute to all the second-rate satisfactions dreamed up for them—superficial knowledge, bad taste in art and entertainment, false standards in personal conduct and a narrow, distorted view of the world they have passed through.

When all this is said, the moderate security of the industrial welfare state remains infinitely preferable to the poverty, exploitation, squalor and ignorance of most civilizations that have preceded it. No doubt virtuous simplicity and rugged honor existed under these conditions, as they do today; but they were wrapped in physical miseries that can have done little to increase the stature of mankind, and in hereditary distinctions between man and man that were false and founded in meanness of spirit. At least the industrial state has living seeds of growth and freedom in it, and it can place within physical reach of man, any man, the things his soul should seek. If it obscures them from him with the glossy froth of its own waste, it still offers more than its predecessors.

But without rebels and sports, such a state is bound to die. Canada could die very easily, before she is fairly born, under the sheer weight of short-lived automobiles, the welter of shoddy entertainment and the burden of a time-serving, pension-conscious citizenry.

Fortunately, human social organizations don't work that way. In seeking to favor one group, however large or small, they invariably foster a new group that reaps the real advantage. The age of chivalry made things easy for the merchant prince. The French revolution built an elegant bourgeois state. The Russian experiment in a classless society, if there is anything in reports, has raised a supreme tyrant, supported by an oligarchy of ruthless lieutenants, who are served in turn by a petty aristocracy of bureaucrats. The welfare state, or at least that version of it current in North America, offers most to those bold citizens who disregard security at every turning point of their lives—and it stands to gain most from them.

The pattern of security is not really new. Every respectable Victorian parent urged his child into a "nice, steady job, with prospects," and seems to have been disregarded as often as not, at least by those who left a mark. The famous depression of the thirties made the big change. Those of us old enough to start our working lives in the bright world just before it, have usually held to our old, improvident ways, sure that having survived once we shall survive again. But somehow, probably by dramatizing our early difficulties, we bred a race of children with wary eyes for the economic weather. And we quickly hedged them round with all the temptations and limitations of the incipient welfare state.

We declared it an age of specialization, a time when most jobs are so complicated that learning must start early and life must be grooved into them. Industry was ready to go along with that, so was labor, so was the state. And so were the children. You named it in high school and began preparing there, selected an appropriate university course, went from that to the job and presumably followed safely on through nicely graduated promotions to an early pension. It is a useful pattern for an industrialized, urban civilization, which is exactly why it has been allowed to develop. But it doesn't make for first-rate satisfactions or first-rate people.

This may or may not be all right for finding new oil wells, building new factories and running everything more or less efficiently. But there is an enormous amount of work to be done and service to be given in a new nation—or an old one, for that matter—which has little to do with material production. The children in school and university today, and probably their children after them, are going to have a great deal to do with setting the ways of Canada, building her national life, creating her art and literature and music, forming her laws, establishing the quality of service she will give her own people and the rest of the world.

These things cannot be well done, and some of them cannot be done at all, by minds limited by specialized education for

Miller Services

"The moderate security of the industrial state is infinitely preferable . . ."

Dr. Haig-Brown, a British Columbia magistrate, is internationally known as a writer, conservationist and sportsman.

QUALITY
All the way through

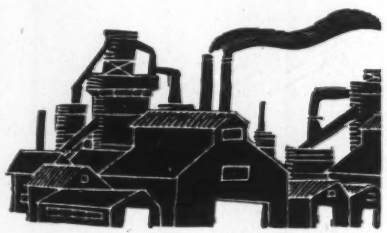
PERFECTOS
also
Lilies
Panetelas
Alumidor

PUNCH
The Cigar of Connoisseurs

specialized jobs, for whom security and conformity are guiding principles. They will be done, as always, by people who sense in themselves a capacity to reach for the infinite and the undefined, by people who know, if they bother to think about it at all, that their only security is in their own worth and that every compromise they make for security reduces their worth.

There is no formula for producing such people. They come from farms and factories and the woods, from city streets and highly-priced residential areas and forgotten fishing villages. But the times can encourage them and educators can watch for them and parents can bear with them — perhaps even suffer a little for them. For they are the people who do unlikely and unpredictable things, the people who give body and life and meaning to a nation.

It is absurdly difficult to point to the sort of people I am thinking of, except by saying they are people who not only fill, but overflow whatever jobs they do, people who bring to their lives as well as their jobs a breadth and generosity and devotion that doesn't shut off with an eight-hour day and is never ready to go to pension. One may be a railroad conductor who is known to everyone in the length of his run and somehow makes it mean much more than that. Another may be a teacher who has watched forty years of changing faces without a slackening of interest. Still another may be a painter who has kept his vision clear and bright through five or fifty years of poverty. It doesn't matter very much who they are or where they are; their quality is what they do and give.



Performance that rejects security is everywhere, but when I search for examples I think of the young lawyer who takes his learning and inexperience out to a small town, to practise criminal law, draw up contracts and wills, listen to people's troubles, give you advice and whatever else he is asked for, instead of settling to a profitable lifetime of divorce court practice in the city. I think of the young doctor or priest who goes out to a mining settlement in the sincere conviction he is needed there. I think of the boy who has just left high school and works with a survey crew instead of where the pay is better "because there's a chance to learn something."

But the same thing can happen in a million other ways and a million other lives. It's no use trying to call it, but it is important not to stifle it, because it can mean an urgency of life and happiness that no amount of security can ever give. To my own children I say: "By all means learn to do something useful but take the broadest education you can find, fit everything you know into it, and everything else you learn into the total. And don't stop learning."

The reason I tell them this is because I believe there are absolute standards of value, at least within the framework of the civilization we are trying to build, and that there is enough stored-up human wisdom by which to learn to judge them. There is a clearly detectable difference between the first-rate and the second-rate in everything that is of the slightest importance—in the arts and in literature, in politics and in law, in religious teaching and secular teaching, in human lives and human performance.

It is important for Canada that she should have an abundance of citizens who will constantly question everything about her—government, industry, art, education, the church, the judiciary, public services, their own lives and their own jobs — by first-rate standards. Ultimately these same citizens are going to have to ask themselves the most difficult and important question of all: "How can Canada behave humanely and wisely and safely in her dealings with the rest of mankind?" If they don't find the right answer to that, by first-rate standards, the security of the welfare state and the shiny yield of the industrial state will have little meaning for anyone.

•

Wet Evening

See — the green line of wet sky
Crowning the mountain tree-tops, edging
Grey cloud mass. There is the way out:

Out into space, where sport a million
stars
And rivers of light invite the prisoner. —
There, there, the spirit, free,
Diver-like, plunges through infinity.
Or wingbeats on with neither day nor
night,
Time, place nor name to stay the joyous
flight.

Or is it but another jailer's trick, and far
Beyond thought's ranging or God's reach
is set
Another wall to beat the truant back?
Trap beyond trap, bars beyond ungessed
bars?

But now the cloud has closed upon the
trees,
Blocking the brief escape-way of wet sky.

GOODRIDGE MACDONALD

Letter from Montreal

The Makers of the Free World's Policy

By Hugh MacLennan

THIS SUMMER it has not been difficult to see Montreal as El Greco saw Toledo, providing you are sufficiently familiar with the Cretan's celebrated landscape to have him interpret the city's summer mood for you. The wettest season in more than a decade has made Mount Royal's trees and the lawns of Westmount the deepest green I can ever remember them, for the rains have continuously washed them of smoke and dust. Under the prevailing sombre skies they shine like viridian.

Coming into the city over Victoria Bridge one humid afternoon, I saw the true El Greco sky. Low, livid rainclouds were shot with arabesques of light; an edging of brightness made the dome of the distant Oratory seem close and near. Most of the mountain was dark, but here and there were patches of paler green that shone. Then the vast LaPrairie Basin of the St. Lawrence gave a quick shiver and went the color of dark steel as the rain came down behind the wind and most of the city disappeared in the storm.

An hour later the downpour was over and I was walking along Sherbrooke Street. The pavement was dark and wet and so were the boles of the elms. Across the street a small crocodile of nuns in habits that seemed blacker for the white ruching around their faces glided noiselessly along with downcast eyes past the gray stone wall of the *Grand Seminaire des Messieurs de Saint-Sulpice*. It was then I realized I had been conscious of El Greco all afternoon.

The Cretan's view of Toledo was, of course, a tragic one. Implicit in the passionate colors of his landscape is the constant awareness that he stands in the presence of death and the Judgment, that for all its beauty and holiness, Toledo itself is no more than an instant in time which can vanish in an instant. Montreal has no Alcazar, no cathedral as noble as the one containing the *Christ Imperator*. Montreal is vaster and richer than was any city in Spain or Europe when El Greco was alive. Its nuns and priests and monks and pilgrims are numerous enough, but they count for much less in this city's existence than did those God-struck ascetics who haunted El Greco's imagination. Yet it was more than mere fancy and the weather that made me aware of a common denominator between El Greco's Toledo and modern Montreal.

The mediaeval Spaniards of his day had barely recovered from the centuries-long strain of conflict with the Moors. The fear had been bred into their subconscious that life on this earth is impermanent, with an Oriental despot mercilessly eager to annihilate them and their cities and with an awful God above them quick to punish them for their sins. Centuries of living in antagonism to an enemy whose religion denied all value to theirs, as theirs denied all value to his, had made the Spaniards a tragic people.

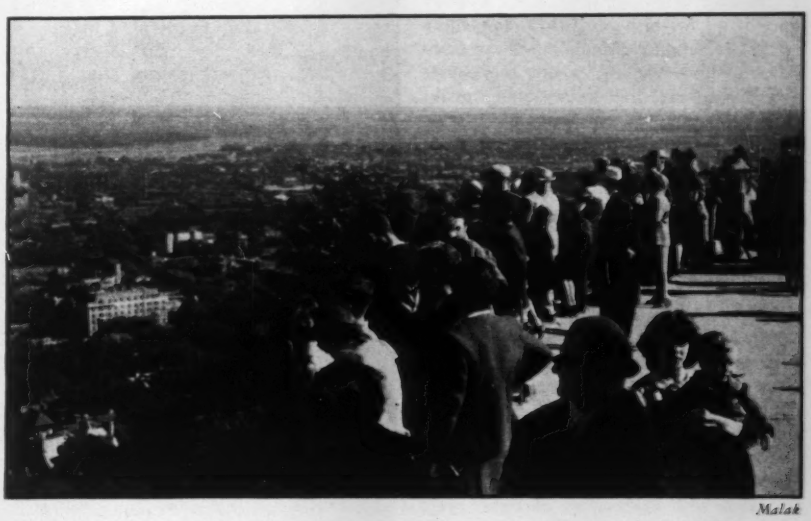
In our own similar situation the hydrogen bomb pales the fires of hell, a resurgent Asia is closer to us (in the sense that it can strike quicker) than the Moors were to the Spain of El Greco, and the knowledge of our own follies haunts us. But this we know with our minds only; our emotions still refuse to believe it. Our emotions keep insisting that life will become normal again, normal as our fathers knew it. Such a state of disharmony within ourselves is not likely to change so that we can plan to defend ourselves intelligently until our emotions accept the truth our minds tell us. The easy North American optimism that has no basis in the lessons of history has become a luxury we cannot afford. It has persuaded too many of us that we are specially favored just because we have been born on this continent. It has made us feel there is something wrong, something ill-planned, in the tragic view of life which has sustained Europeans for two thousand years.

That may be why, this summer of heavy skies and international calamities, I have found myself so conscious of the Americans in our streets. I don't know whether there are any more of them in Montreal this summer than last, but I have never been so aware of them *as* Americans. For they have become the focus of our tragedy, and refuse to admit it and hardly seem to know it. *The time is out of joint —oh cursèd spite, that ever I was born to set it right!* And Canada has become a kind of Horatio to this democratic Hamlet, depending on him, listening to all his soliloquies, following him around with unwanted advice, wondering if he will ever make up his mind and dreading the moment when he does.

Along Sherbrooke and up and beyond Peel Street, in Dominion Square and anywhere in the vicinity of Bonsecours Market, sheltering from showers under the porticos of their hotels, Americans swarm in Montreal this summer in thousands. They study their maps on street corners, make their purchases of woollens, linens and china, see the sights and spend their money in the night clubs. They are on holiday and they want desperately to feel young at heart again.

Only yesterday—if you omit the history that lies between—they could and did feel gay. We used to smile at them then, in the days of the last Republican administration, when they debouched with warwhoops from the special trains that steamed into Windsor and Bonaventure Stations, their spirits high, their tongues hanging out. We used to feel so deliciously superior when we heard them hallooing to each other across the streets, brandishing their purchases aloft in hotel lobbies, melting the labels off liquor bottles and pasting them onto the backs of their cars.

This year's tourists in Montreal—and last year's and those of the year before—



Malak

TOURISTS look down at Montreal: now lonely and confused?

have not been like that. Only the style of their dress betrays their origin, and hundreds of thousands of Canadians would dress the same way if they were on holiday. The Americans this summer are apparently newly conscious of being in a foreign land, and I don't think it fanciful to say that most of them look lonely.

One morning not long ago I watched a hatless man in a Harry Truman shirt as he stood looking at the American papers at Charley's on Peel Street, and the thought suddenly came to me: "There stands the man who formulates the policy of the free world!" He reached for *The Cleveland Plain Dealer* and handed it the woman who stood beside him. She had obviously never seen herself from the rear, for she was not made for slacks. But Marlene Dietrich wears them and Marlene is a grandmother, so why shouldn't she? She was unable to read the paper through her dark glasses, but she didn't seem to care. Between them—and about a hundred million others—the foreign policy of the free world would be made. Certainly it couldn't be made until these two agreed to it.

"Honey," I heard him say as he took the paper back from her and tucked it under his arm, "are you having a good time? What'll we do today?"

He was anxious and affectionate and old enough to have had a son who had fought in Korea. The foreign policy of the free world was up to him, and had been ever since the Founding Fathers decided that he was informed and resolute enough to form it, and of this sacred obligation he had been painfully aware since the politicians took to radio and television, with the advertising and public relations boys telling how. No wonder Americans look lonely and confused this summer and become defensive the moment they talk to you about what we all read in the papers. This man from Cleveland—what he wanted most in the world was to like others, be liked in return, do a good job and have a good time. But there was always something else. Up here in Canada, in the friendliest country he knew, where the people were darned nice and knew about the Indians (and some of them supported them, too), if you talked to the people about what was in the newspapers you began to feel lonely, and misunderstood, and the world was worse than out of joint.

I must have been staring at him, for suddenly he met my eyes, turned away, and he and his wife went down the street, a balding Hamlet in a sports shirt, a middle-aged Ophelia in slacks, neither of them aware of any of this. And above them and above me, above all the Americans and Montrealers on Peel Street, even above the boyish grin of President Eisenhower on the front page of the *New York Daily News*, was the dark, tragic El Greco sky, shot with arabesques of light, pregnant with a mysterious beauty.

Ottawa Letter

Soldier-Diplomats from the Commonwealth

By John A. Stevenson

PARLIAMENT AT ITS LAST session conferred full diplomatic status for the first time upon the group of High Commissioners accredited to Ottawa by our partners in the Commonwealth. It is therefore befitting that any account of Ottawa's diplomatic circle should begin with Lieutenant-General Sir Archibald Nye, who for two years has represented the senior partner, the United Kingdom.

Dublin was his birthplace, on April 23, 1895, and he was cradled in the army, the son of an Irishman, Sergeant Charles Edward Nye. He was educated at the Duke of York's Military School at Dover, and, when war broke out in 1914, he enlisted at the age of 18 in an Irish corps, the Leinster Regiment. So good a soldier was he that within a year he won his commission in the field.

After the war he specialized in the technique of ground and air cooperation, served with the Eastern Command, passed through the Staff College and had a spell of duty in the War Office. Meanwhile he had found time to study law and be admitted to the Bar.

Law was only a reserve string to his bow. After securing his permanent majority in 1930, he became a colonel in the Warwickshire Regiment, and in 1937 he took command in India of the Nowshera brigade, which he trained to high efficiency. Soon after World War II began, he was appointed Director of Staff Duties at the War Office with the rank of Major-General. A year later, when he was only 45, he was promoted to be Vice-Chief of the British General Staff and given soon afterwards the rank of Lieutenant-General.

Miller

GEN. SIR ARCHIBALD NYE

The war over, his preference for a civilian career secured for him the Governorship of Madras. There his skilful rule during the difficult period of India's transition to independence resulted in him being chosen Britain's first High Commissioner to the infant republic.

Sir Archibald is a man of fine physique and appearance. Industrious and energetic, he is a vigilant guardian of British interests. But he has had to learn the arts of politics since he left the army and he has occasionally been guilty of indiscretions which a veteran politician would have avoided.

Today the dean of the diplomatic corps at Ottawa is Thomas Clarence Atkinson Hislop, who has been High Commissioner for New Zealand since 1950. If he is proud of one thing more than another, it is of his undiluted Scottish blood.

Born in 1888, Mr. Hislop was educated at Wellington College in New Zealand and Caius College, Cambridge. During his sojourn in Britain, he was called to the English Bar (Inner Temple), but he had scarcely settled down to practice with his father's firm in Wellington, when the outbreak of World War I impelled him to join the New Zealand Expeditionary Force. A creditable service with the Wellington Regiment in Egypt, Gallipoli and France brought him two wounds and a captaincy. Returning to New Zealand, he resumed the practice of law and also a seat on the city council of Wellington, which he had resigned when he went to war. He became Mayor of the city in 1931 and held the office for 13 years.

Mr. Hislop is a tall, handsome man, whose courteous and friendly ways make him popular with his colleagues in the diplomatic circle and with all classes in Ottawa. His duties cannot be described as arduous, as relations between the governments of Canada and New Zealand have been uniformly harmonious during his term of office, and there is no large contingent of New Zealanders in Canada to worry him with their troubles. But he has considered it his duty to gain an informed knowledge of every section of Canada. He has been an indefatigable traveller and in the last four years he has covered 170,000 miles in his pilgrimages.

Books

Some Light On Leacock

By Robertson Davies

IT IS HARD WORK writing about humor, and not many people attempt it. Humorists would undoubtedly say that it is harder work to write something that is funny, and I shall not deny it; but I repeat that it is hard work finding something sensible to say about a humorous book, and this fact accounts for the neglect which humorous books, as a rule, suffer from critics.

There are so many pitfalls in the way. The critic can try to be funny himself, and this is not often successful. Or he can try to explain why the subject of his review is funny, and he is then in danger of looking like a pompous ass. Theorizing about humor makes painful reading; I have read a good many books which attempted to explain what humor was, and how it worked, and they were all embarrassing. Even Freud's *Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious* is one of the most distressing books ever to be written by a man of genius, especially in translation. Critics are wise when they steer clear of definite statements and theories about humor.

Nevertheless, I always leap to see what some intrepid new critic will say on this extremely difficult subject, and I seized *Eight Humorists*, by George Mikes, with eagerness. The first paragraph of his introductory essay won my attention and sympathy, for he said that humorists were unjustly neglected by critics, and modestly announced his intention of writing seriously about humor. I read his book to the end. I wish I could say that I rose from the experience a wiser man, but honesty forbids it.

Who is George Mikes? His publishers call him "inimitable" and he has written seven books beside this one. Snippets from reviews of these books give the impression that Mr. Mikes is widely known and relished as a funny fellow. I suppose I should have heard of him. Book reviewers should never admit that there is an author of whom they have not heard. I recall confessing, fourteen years ago, in this very paper, that I had never heard of Bernard Darwin; immediately I began to receive ill-natured letters from people who had done so, and I quickly grew weary of writing in reply, naming some of the people I had heard of who were undoubtedly unknown to my correspondents. But now, fourteen years later, I have enough courage on hand to admit that I have never before heard of George Mikes.

From internal evidence contained in his book, I gather that he is not an Englishman, and I make a guess that he is a Hungarian. He seems to know English literature very well. He is also, I deduce, a man of either considerable vanity or great courage, for he calls his book *Eight Humorists*, though only seven are dealt with. They are Charlie Chaplin, Stephen Leacock, Al Capp, Malcolm Muggeridge, James Thurber, Evelyn Waugh and P. G. Wodehouse. The eighth, we are to assume, is Mr. Mikes himself. I find no evidence

STEPHEN LEACOCK, as drawn by David Langdon for "Eight Humorists".

that he belongs in this distinguished company. It is not that he has tried to be funny, and failed; it is simply that he has written his eight essays (the first is "On Humor and Humorists") in a sober tone, and with remarkably uneven achievement.

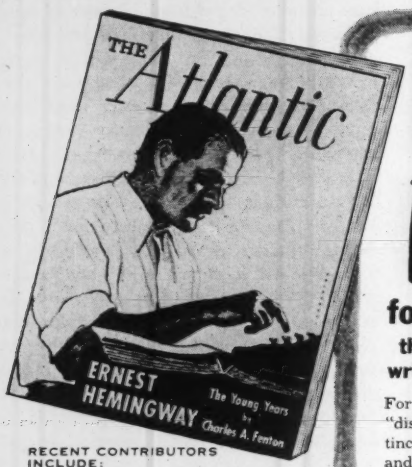
His comments on the "sense of humor" are interesting, and he stresses the impossibility of dissociating it from the rest of a man's personality. The fun of a bitter man, or a mean man, or a cruel man is his sense of humor, true enough, but it is not a sense which we covet for ourselves; a man's sense of humor is as clearly indicative of what he is as his grief, or his capacity to love. A great sense of humor can only exist in company with other elements of greatness. And what is so frequently referred to as "a good sense of humor" means too often an ability to apprehend, and laugh at, the funny stories that are part of the small change of conversation among people not otherwise witty.

We may disagree with Mr. Mikes that humor is a thing that touches some subjects and not others; too many people, in too many painful situations, have been overcome by a sense of the ridiculous, and it is notorious that people are moved to laughter at funerals, sincere and deep though their grief may be. A sense of humor is not a thing that we can control completely. But we can agree with Mr. Mikes that a man of great humor may also be deeply serious in his attitude toward life. Stephen Leacock, writing of his imminent death, was serious; and yet he wrote without losing his sense of humor, which was in that instance an evidence of his courage. Such men are not mere jokers; their sense of humor is a glory which they carry with them to the end.

Yet, in the estimation of the world at large, humorists are not such important fellows as, for instance, writers of sentimental novels or minor philosophy. Perhaps this is because humor is more a thing of intellect than emotion, and people in general are more impressed by emotion than by intellect. And who shall say that they are wrong to be so? The deepest feelings of mankind are not humorous, and although Freud has shown the Unconscious to be pranksome and witty in a manner which suggests James Joyce, it is remorselessly serious in its effects. Humor is a civilizing element in the jungle of the mind, and civilizing elements never enjoy a complete or prolonged popularity.

Mr. Mikes himself gives evidence that his sense of humor has limitations which are soon reached. How, otherwise, can he assert that Americans have no dignity, and that they envy Englishmen because they possess that quality? How, otherwise can he fear that television may bring an end to what he calls "the reading habit"? How, otherwise, can he call *Punch* "silly and irresponsible", because it has ventured on some mild political criticism? How, otherwise, can he write that "our love-life is being reduced to the level of Dr. Kinsey's statistics"? These are the fears and the judgments of a disgruntled Tory clubman. If Mr. Mikes has a sense of humor he is adept at keeping it out of this book.

HIS considerations of the other seven humorists vary in quality. He is excellent on Charlie Chaplin, whom he rightly declares to be no Communist, but a somewhat soft-headed anarchist. What he has to say about Wodehouse is substantially what George Orwell said—that he is a skilled concocter of fairy-tales laid in the Edwardian era. He has some interesting observations to make on the growing bitterness of Evelyn Waugh, a moralist



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disguised none to heavily as a jester. He writes with admiration of Thurber, but throws no new light on him. He is angry with *Punch* for faults that *Punch* has substantially corrected during the past year. And his opinions on American comic strips are wrong-headed as only those of a European, reading the comics through a pair of English glasses, can be.

But the essay which I think much the best in the book, and which commends it to Canadian readers, is that on Stephen Leacock. I have never read anything about Leacock which moved nearer to real illumination. Not that Mr. Mikes deals with Leacock fully, or with deep understanding; but he comes nearer than anyone else. For Leacock was not only a very funny writer, who sometimes wrote mechanically and shallowly; he was also a man who revealed much of himself in his writings, and whose broad and apparently sunny humor sometimes dissolves suddenly and faces us with a bitterness and a disillusionment as shocking as anything we find in Mark Twain. Leacock, we may truly say, often laughed that he might not weep, might not curse, might not rend the veil in the temple. And here, in Mr. Mikes's essay, we are given a consideration of him which is not written by someone who takes the books at their face value, but has read them with a discerning eye. And for this reason I think that while his book does not convince me that Mr. Mikes is a humorist, it is evidence that he is a critic of discernment.

EIGHT HUMORISTS — by George Mikes, with indifferent drawings by David Langdon — pp. 175 — *Ambassador* — $2.25.

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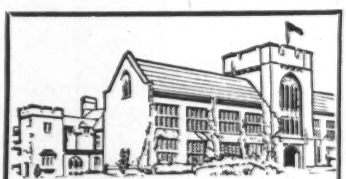

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JOHN DECKER, Gene Fowler and John Barrymore, with dachshund Gus, looking on at a chess game in the Decker studio.

Minutes of the Last Meeting: Arrival in Hoboken

By GENE FOWLER: PART III

NASTY-TEMPERED as he may have seemed to strangers, particularly autograph-seekers, politicians, or landlords, W. C. Fields in private life was a most amiable host. If, as some persons assumed, Fields and his companions appeared unduly careless of public sanction of their ways, it should be remembered that all these men were on their last legs—and knew it. They had no time for simulated pleasantries, nor with the exception of Decker, who liked publicity, did they care what the newspapers might say of them.

They actually did not belong to this century, for all had been born before its coming. In effect they were misfits, whatever their fame, and unable to conform to an age of regimentation that, for good or ill, marked the rise of science and the decline of art. Each member of this group had known tragedy and pain, but elected to wear the mask of comedy for the world to see, if not to applaud.

The cronies who called upon Fields one Tuesday included Barrymore, Decker, Sadakichi, and myself. Uncle Claude greeted us in his second-floor "office". He looked like a Frans Hals burgomaster, well fed and gouty, as he sat behind the huge desk at which he was accustomed to stay for hours composing letters of denunciation to almost anyone.

He had on a white bathrobe of toweling material, in one pocket of which he kept perhaps thirty keys on a chain, and in the other a fat roll of currency. Whenever he stirred he sounded like the Prisoner of Chillon. Fields had extra locks on every chest-lid as well as on the doors of the various storerooms in the big house. He kept cases of liquor and beer behind these barriers; for, as he phrased it, even the one or two honest men now alive would not hesitate to steal when thirsty.

"What is your pleasure, gentlemen?" he asked, but before we could reply, said, "As if I didn't know!" He snapped on the switch of an intercom box, one of the many electrical gadgets on his crowded desk, and shouted into it, "Bring up some ice!"

With an "Excuse me for the nonce," Fields picked up a pair of large-size binoculars from the desk and went over to the window. He trained the lenses on the slopes of his lawn. "Those damned pelicans had better lay off my fish pond!" he said. "Why do these criminal birds have to put the bite on me?"

Gulls oftentimes swooped in from the Pacific to snatch goldfish from the Fields' lily-pond. He mistook them for pelicans and would blaze away at them with a heavy pistol that surely had belonged to one of General Sheridan's lieutenants.

Fields now pointed his binoculars toward the road that lay beyond his acres and fixed the glasses on an automobile passing by. "Look!" he snarled. "Just look at him sailing past in that big car!" He turned from the window and on his way back to the desk explained, "Cecil B. De Mille goes up and down this road like he was the king-emperor. Just because the pike is named for him he thinks he owns it." Then he rasped into the intercom, "Damn it all! Where's the ice? I asked you to get it a week ago!"

He now lectured us at great length and loudly on the treachery of servants, alleging the unmarried state of their parents, and went on to say that if it were not for his stout locks, his pistol, and the fact that he could smell thieves a mile off, he would today be a poor man, rooked beyond all mercy or conscience. He patted the bulge made by his bankroll. "Everyone is on the make, and you're liable to be stuck up in your boudoir. But they won't catch me off base! No sir! I keep this getaway money on my person at all times. You never can tell when Roosevelt will get another of his whims and close the banks."

Strikes of servants were not an uncommon event in the household of W. C. "It's capital *versus* labor all the time," he complained. "I've got to write to Westbrook Pegler."

During this scene Sadakichi had helped himself liberally from a bottle on the bar. "You've already made seven trips to the bar," Fields admonished him.

Sadakichi then fell asleep in a barber's chair in an alcove adjoining the office. As explained by Robert Lewis Taylor in his excellent book on Fields, Uncle Claude used this chair to doze in when insomnia bothered him. He also would take catnaps out of doors beneath a canopy in the garden, while a servant sprayed a hose on the canvas shelter to simulate rain.

Fields cocked an ear as Sadakichi's snores began to outdo our conversation. He turned his small blue eyes toward me with a look of accusation. "Are you on the level about writing the life of this guy Hoochie-Kootchie?"

I nodded, "We are now gathering data about his birth and early life."

Our host thought this over for a time, then quite suddenly picked up a rubber toy made in the form of a claw-hammer and began to pound his desk with it. This was the same "hammer" a lady once described in court as the weapon W. C. had used upon her person in a moment of pique.

"Get him out of here!" The rubber hammer thumped again. "If the FBI finds this German-Jap on my hands I'll get life!"

We roused Sadakichi to take him to the hotel. As our car drew up at the curb on Wilcox Street, Barrymore said, "When your sleepy Samurai awakens fully, find out *if* he was born, and *why*."

Sadakichi muttered something in German to Decker.

"What is Admiral Togo saying?" asked Jack.

"He wants to know if you're a Democrat or a Republican," said Decker.

"I'm a royalist," Barrymore replied.

When Sadakichi and I settled down in

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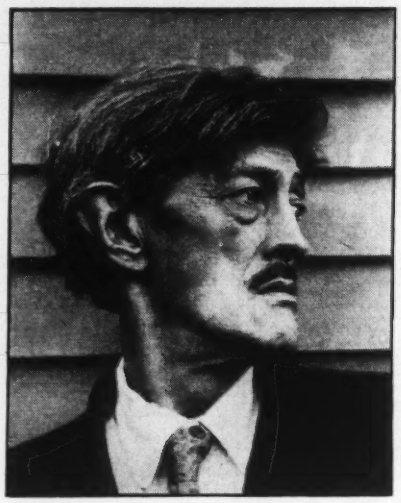

SADAKICHI HARTMANN at 58.

his suite he told me he had been born in Nagasaki, Japan, in the 1860s. His habit was to pare off a year or so as he grew older; but in a letter to Barrymore in 1929, offering his services as a press agent, Hartmann stated that he had been born in the year of the Battle of the Wilderness. That would have been in 1864, when General Grant was commander-in-chief of the Union Army. What his birth in far-off Japan had to do with the battle I could not imagine—unless it reminded him of the wilderness of his own affairs.

Sadakichi's Japanese mother, said he, married Otto von Hartmann when that roving gentleman had an assignment in Japan as an agent for the family's company of coffee importers. According to Sadakichi, the Hartmann family had owned and managed one of the largest coffee concerns in Hamburg, Germany, and had possessed considerable wealth.

Sadakichi had a brother, Taru, who was two years older than he. At the time of Taru's birth the Japanese grandparents disowned their daughter for having married a foreigner. She died soon after Sadakichi's birth.

As his mother lay dying, Sadakichi went on to say, she asked Otto to take their infant children to Germany for a Western education. The elder Hartmann named his second boy Carl. Sadakichi's mother, he said, had given him his Japanese name, and explained that "*sada*" meant "virtue", and "*kichi*" meant "good fortune".

Professor Ashikaga of the University of Southern California at Los Angeles informs me that Sadakichi is a given name that means "steady luck". Evidently Sadakichi's mother was not clairvoyant—unless she meant steady bad luck.

"The moniker means 'Gimme some dough,'" said Fields.

"Gentlemen," said Barrymore, "Sadakichi is the mating call of rabid, though sacred monkeys, playing among the acorn

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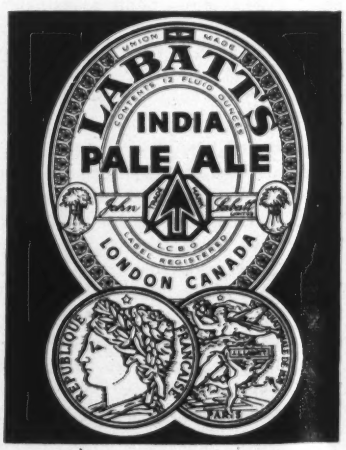

**The swing is definitely to*

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towers of Angkor Wat."

Sadakichi's mother was denied burial in Nagasaki's hill cemetery. "Her body was cremated in Kobe," he said, "where the Kutobiki waterfalls spray the mountain slope. Her relatives, still scandalized by her marriage to an Occidental, strewed her ashes along the dusty road for donkeys to walk over."

Sadakichi's father took his two young sons to Hamburg. There he left them in charge of his brother, Ernst Hartmann, and sailed away to the Fiji Islands.

A year after the Hartmann boys' arrival at Hamburg, Sadakichi's father returned briefly, to marry a Hamburg woman who had enchanted him with her playing of the mandolin. Sadakichi's father and stepmother then went off to some faraway island in the tropics on their honeymoon.

Although Uncle Ernst continued to pay for the support of the half-caste children of Otto's first marriage, he found it expedient to ask his mother to manage their education. Grandmother Hartmann resided in Ernst's large house, the rooms of which contained many books and numerous art treasures.

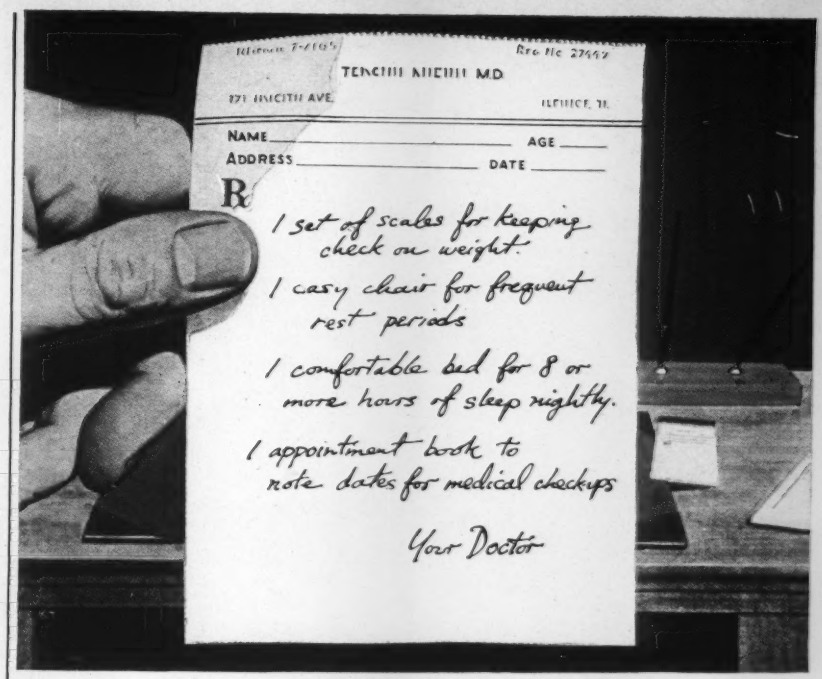
Taru had asthma at this time. A physician prescribed for him the inhalation of burning paper impregnated with saltpetre, and also recommended the smoking of stramonium leaves.

"So that's where Sadakichi discovered the rancid substance!" was Barrymore's comment. "I thought he found it in Satan's snuffbox."

"When my brother woke me up at night with his asthmatic noises," Sadakichi told me, "I could not fall asleep again and, little wretch that I was, would mimic his pains. My mimicry one day became so real to me that I too was stricken with asthma, permanently."

Sadakichi smoked his uncle's cigars on

W. C. FIELDS, as drawn by John Decker.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There are, of course, several drugs that may be helpful in treating high blood pressure, and others of promise are under study. In addition, special diets . . . for example, those in which salt is restricted . . . are often beneficial. Surgery, also, may be helpful when other measures fail.

Successful control of hypertension, however, still depends mostly on whether or not the patient learns to live on good terms with high blood pressure. For example, many victims can keep their blood pressure from rising still higher . . . and may even lower it . . . simply by controlling their weight through proper eating habits.

Since the majority of people who develop high blood pressure are of the so-called "high-strung type," it is most important for them to learn to avoid *sustained* tension which tends to elevate blood pressure and perhaps keeps it at an excessively high level. Avoiding tension usually involves a change in attitude and perspective toward what we must do, rather than ceasing or drastically curtailing normal activity.

Those suffering from hypertension should see their doctor for regular checkups and treatment. This will enable the doctor to detect possible complications early, and to take steps to help correct them.

It is also wise for those who do *not* have hypertension to arrange for periodic health examinations, including a check on blood pressure. This is especially important for those who are *middle-aged and older*, are *overweight*, or have a *family history of hypertension.*

Did you ever hear the expression, "To live a long life, learn to saunter instead of gallop"? There's a lot of truth in it for everyone . . . especially for those with high blood pressure. In fact, many people today who have this ailment can expect to live long and useful lives simply by reducing the tension in everyday living.

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the sly and raided the wine cellar. He attended the theatre frequently, as well as the opera, and fell in love with Wagner's swan-boat fantasies.

The family once made a Rhine journey. Sadakichi shot off firecrackers in the lobby of a hotel in Cologne, so it was decided to enter him as a cadet in the naval school at Kiel for discipline. His classmates taunted him for his Japanese ancestry, an experience that may have had much to do with his subsequent acidulous views of mankind and his seeming obsession to make the world pay a stud fee, retroactively, for his father's Japanese interlude.

At about this time the elder Hartmann returned from a tropical shore to arrange for his younger boy to go to America. The father and son travelled to Paris, then to Le Havre—the parent in a first-class, and the son in a third-class, railway carriage. To Sadakichi's pained surprise his parent gave him but three dollars and left him aboard the steamship *Lessing* bound for Hoboken, a voyage of fourteen days.

"The experience will give you character and resourcefulness," counselled the father. "You must learn to shift for yourself."

In speaking of this Sadakichi observed, "It was surely not an act of kindness to send a boy alone and almost penniless to a foreign land across the sea. My father did not even pay for the passage; he took the money out of my savings bank, in which I had hoarded some three hundred marks. Nor was it excusable that, while I was starving in Philadelphia, and when for half a year my father held a high position in New York, he never informed me of his presence. Events like these are not apt to foster filial piety."

With a knapsack on his back and a staff in his hand, Sadakichi set out on foot for Philadelphia. Occasionally he would get a lift in a wagon or cart. He had relatives in Philadelphia, but they were not overjoyed to see him at their door.

Sadakichi was about to tell me of his meetings with Walt Whitman, who had lived across the Delaware River in Camden, New Jersey, when the telephone rang. It was John Decker. He reported that our friend Barrymore had suffered a gastric upheaval. Doctors were endeavoring to make it possible for him to begin a motion picture next day at the Twentieth Century-Fox Studio.

Sadakichi made much of the fact that I regarded the health of a friend as more important than the biography of a genius. "The Muse will not like this, and neither will I, Fowler."

This is the third of ten excerpts from "Minutes of the Last Meeting", by Gene Fowler. Copyright 1954 by Gene Fowler. A Viking Press book published in Canada by The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd. (pp. 277, $4.50). The fourth instalment will appear in next week's issue.

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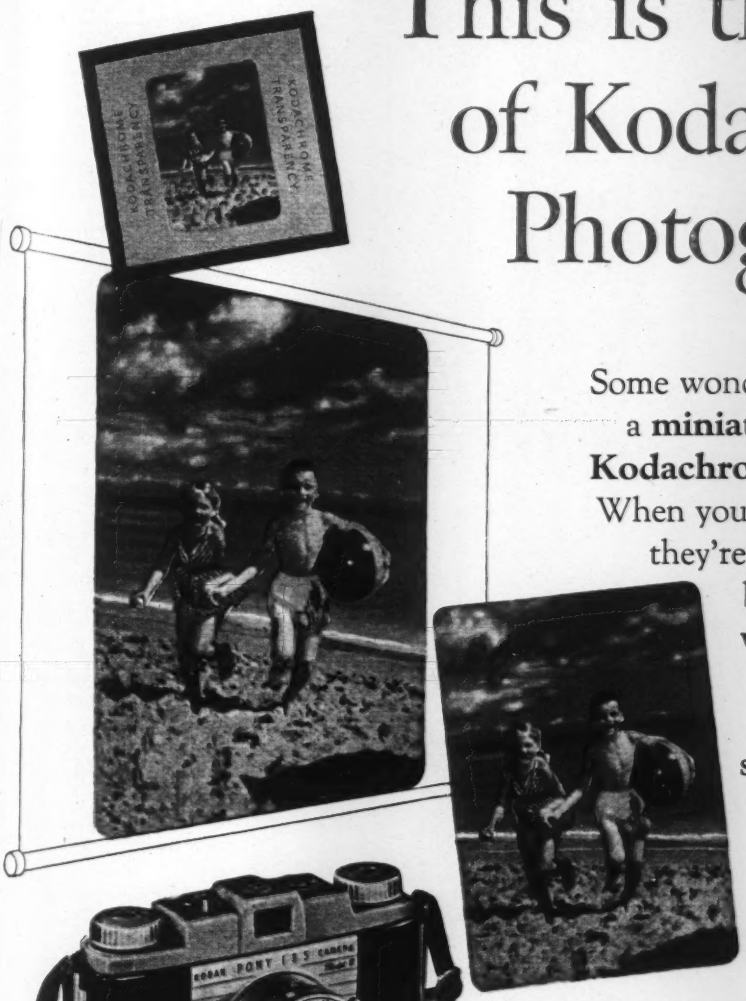

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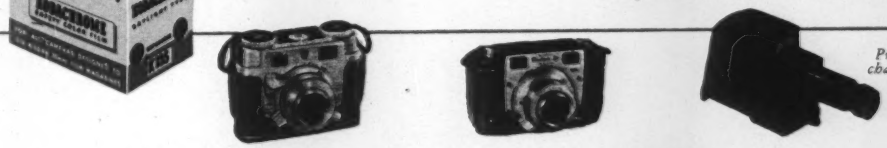

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Films

Go Away Little Sheba

By Mary Lowrey Ro

DURING THE DOG DAYS our local movies tend to serve potluck as a way of entertainment while confiding us to the cooling system for relaxation. Revivals are springing up everywhere, including *Gone With the Wind* which will keep you reasonably entertained and beautifully air-cooled for four and a half solid hours. When revivals aren't practicable, however, the distributors seem prepared to throw just about anything into the breach, including the current *Queen of Sheba*.

The Queen of Sheba sounds like a Hollywood revival, possibly starring Rita Hayworth. This at least was my own first vague impression. However, I turned out dutifully when I discovered it was an Italian production, filled with "incredible spectacle, barbaric splendor". It wasn't long before I was wishing dismally that it *had* been a Hollywood enterprise.

When I was very young and was taught about the Queen of Sheba, I always figured her as Queen Victoria, who still presided, all dressed up in her Jubilee regalia, in public places and even over domestic sideboards. That Queen of Sheba may be a long way off the Old Testament conception, but she wasn't as remote from it as the portrait of King Solomon's distinguished visitor presented in the Italian epic.

The picture itself is a long cumbersome affair which opens on a decline and then moves slowly downhill, largely under the direction of its own leaden weight. Watching it, one acquired a new respect for Hollywood, with its energy and confidence and its long apprenticeship in handling epics. Cecil B. de Mille, for instance, knows exactly how to lay the train for a big interior climax, how to subordinate explanatory dialogue to action, how to develop a story line and bring it with cinematic logic to an explosive climax.

The Italian directors of *Queen of Sheba*, however, seem to be completely innocent of any such handy knowledge. There are occasional irrelevant spurts of action, but most of the story is carried by the dubbed-in English dialogue, which could hardly be worse: "I may be your prisoner, but I will not under any circumstances submit to unconditional surrender". So it goes on and on for two mortal hours and by the time the climax comes you may very well feel that the kettles of boiling oil should have been reserved for the producer rather than for Sheba's invading army.

Foreign Affairs

Ten Years Since Lublin

By Benedict Heydenkorn

IN THE FINAL volume of his memoirs, Sir Winston Churchill deals at length with the Polish question, as one of the most difficult of all the problems which the Western powers encountered in their wartime dealings with the Soviets. Stalin had made Churchill and Roosevelt very happy by declaring his desire for a strong, democratic and independent Poland. But there is a Latin proverb: *Si due idem dicunt non est idem.* Two may say the same thing but not mean the same.

Perhaps the two Western statesmen did not want to think of this when they debated, in apparent sincerity, with Stalin, the fate of Britain's first ally in the war against the Hitler Reich. The different interpretations placed upon this simple term "independence" cost the Poles all the efforts and sacrifices which they had made for their freedom.

Ten years have now passed since a group of Soviet mannequins, posing as the Polish Committee of National Liberation, issued its manifesto in Lublin. The anniversary, July 22, is celebrated as a Polish national holiday. Yet anyone in Poland who dared today to call for the realization of the principles set forth in that manifesto would land in prison.

Freedom of association, freedom of the press, freedom of religion, were to characterize the "new Poland". None of these ever came to life. The country was instead sovietized, though only step by step. The reason for caution was that Communism was exceptionally weak in prewar Poland, the Party having been declared illegal for treason to the young state during the Soviet invasion of 1919.

During the first period of its rule, the Lublin regime took great pains to conceal its real aims. There was much talk of cooperation with "all anti-Fascist elements". There were compromises, and deviations from Party ideology, to gain time to take a firm grip on the administration and establish a strong new Communist organization. In the circumstances, the government had a rather easy task, in spite of the opposition of the entire people. The German occupation had been so cruel and barbaric that any change was looked on as a relief. It was said at the time that despite all Polish objections to Communism and Russia, the change from the German occupation was a step forward. This feeling led many, even among the most patriotic circles, to wish to cooperate. The Communists hid their real face skilfully and perfidiously. By night Radkiewicz and his Moscow-trained police liquidated those who were dangerous or disbelieving; by day Gomulka and Minc called on the people to "rebuild the country". (It is symbolic of the present regime that, after ten years, the police chief Radkiewicz is the only one of the Lublin crew to hold his original job.)

Great efforts and immense enthusiasm and self-sacrifice were required to repair

Szpilki (Warsaw)

THE BUREAUCRAT ARMED

in a few years the vast ruins of Warsaw and many other cities and towns, to resume public transport, rebuild shattered industries and construct new ones. The way the Polish people went at this, in the years up to 1948, must command respect and admiration. Compulsion played its part, no doubt, but it was not the decisive factor. Never could the Communists have fulfilled their grandiose plans had the people themselves not been eager to rebuild their country. They thought that the Communist occupation would pass, just as the German had. Their history was full of such experiences; why should it not come true again?

Meanwhile the Communists were building up their *apparat*. The 1944 membership of only 20,000 (of whom 8,000 came in from Russia) was expanded in four years to 1,006,873. Then the process of sovietization was speeded up. The liberal attitude first adopted towards the Catholic Church was discarded and a new course of persecution embarked upon, which led to the imprisonment of Cardinal Wyszynski last year. The apparent freedom accorded to men of letters was turned into parade-ground discipline. The "Polish way of Socialism", of which Gomulka had prated, became a blind copy of Russian methods. This course was intensified after the death of Stalin.

Yet it is in appearance only that the Communists rule Poland. Thousands of Radkiewicz's secret informers have been killed by an angry populace. Continual charges of "sabotage" in the press and the complaint that the people still do not appreciate the "advantages" of the new system confirm the true situation. Opposition to collective farming grows steadily. Attachment to the Church is all the greater now that it is persecuted. Though Polish youth knows little of the past, it rejects the present. The Reds stand alone in Poland, on an island artificially created by Moscow.

The Soviets cannot be pleased with this state of affairs, for Poland plays an important part in their international system. It is the largest and strongest satellite country, with the largest satellite army, an excellent transport network, and large resources in coal. Above all, the road to Germany leads through Poland, which is why the Soviet Union will never voluntarily abandon this strategic position.

In holding on to Poland, the Soviets play the German card very cleverly. Though they were allied with Germany, in attacking Poland in 1939, today they are the sworn opponents of German rearmament. While the Western powers give more or less nominal support to the German claim to the Western provinces of Poland, which Poland gained at Potsdam, the Soviets stand firm on the Odra-Nissa (Oder-Neisse) line as "the border of peace". This may be only tactics for the Soviets, but it is not without influence on the Polish people.

In any consideration of a Western policy for the liberation of Poland, this border question should be kept in mind. It would be unwise to think that all that is necessary is to demand that Russia release the satellite nations from Communist occupation, to produce a Polish uprising. This can only be effected through a substantial change in international policies.

Benedict Heydenkorn is a Polish journalist of long experience, now with the "Polish Voice" in Toronto. Imprisoned in Russia during the war, he was later intelligence officer with the Polish Army in Italy.

Bewildered . . .

Instinct is a peculiar thing.

Man has always been puzzled and amazed by the uncanny instinct shown by the lower forms of life. Probably one of the most amazing examples is the unerring accuracy shown by racing pigeons in returning to their lofts.

But it's amazing how easily they can become bewildered.

A short while ago a group of pigeon racing fans gathered for a monster race; hundreds of birds were to compete. The hour arrived and off went the birds, straight for home. Everything went fine for a few miles... then things went haywire. It was as if a spell had been cast. Instinct and sense of direction vanished and the air filled with fluttering flapping pigeons, as lost as any sheep. Some enterprising pigeons got down and walked . . . a few got back on course . . . most never did get home.

What happened? No one can say for sure, but maybe the nearby radar station was the culprit. Maybe it "jammed" the pigeons "wave length".

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The Social Scene

Grave New World

By Norman Ward

FOR SEVERAL MONTHS I have been deriving satisfaction from the occasional perusal of two newspaper clippings sent me by friends about whose motives I am not at the moment prepared to speculate. One clipping concerns a chimpanzee who broke out of his cage while being flown across the Atlantic as the ward of a lady who had some difficulty in subduing him. The other is about a handicapped lad named Bill, who kept losing his glass eye on the way home from school, playing marbles.

The case of the lady and the chimpanzee is obviously a logical outcome of the women's suffrage movement that wrecked the civilized world thirty-five years ago. Consider the picture. Across the Atlantic, miles high, drones a sleek aluminum machine that represents one of the great triumphs of man's inventive genius. At the controls sits a keen-eyed young man in whose training has culminated the progress of countless centuries of western culture. And in the cargo space is Emancipated Woman, wrestling with a chimpanzee.

The tale of Bill, the marble player, strikes a deeper note. The women's suffrage movement, as the above attests, has clearly attained most of its original aims. But Bill's predicament is not an echo of the past but a foretaste of the future. Bill's glass eye was not purchased for him by his family, or presented to him by an admirer. It was supplied to him free under a government health scheme, and the government took a dim view of equipping Bill with eye after eye as his losses mounted in the schoolyard.

The important thing to note is that the government presumed to have an interest in Bill's glass eye even after the eye had left the civil service and been installed in Bill. This opens up for speculation a vast new field of politics, for governments are becoming increasingly prone to supply citizens not only with services like education, which can be taken or left alone, but also with concrete objects which citizens can put to many uses beyond the reach of the law.

And what legal liability is accepted by a government if, for instance, a gentleman finds after being fully outfitted at the local health warehouse that he is so effectively disguised that he can, with impunity, commit bigamy right in his own neighborhood? Suppose, while reclining comfortably on some sunny bank, a lens of the gentleman's free glasses acts as a magnifying glass and starts a brush fire which ultimately destroys the embassy of a previously friendly foreign power?

Miller

Dim view of the losses.

None of the mishaps that Bill might have with his eye is nearly so interesting as the possibilities that come to mind in connection with official false teeth. How does a government go about keeping an eye on the teeth after they are being gnashed by taxpayers? I like to think of the case of J. C. Welter, a minor civil servant whom I invented a while ago for the purpose of being thought about. Welter is employed in a small way as a tax collector, and recently he qualified for a government issue of false teeth under a compulsory fitness plan. When he went around to the teeth office to pick up his share of the welfare state, he was asked to sign a receipt for the teeth after trying them on. He was understood to say that to get the teeth he had already filled out more forms than ought to exist in any single country, and now he had them had no intention of signing any more forms, ever. Welter remained so impenetrable to reason that the teeth people felt obliged to perform a summary salvaging job, and in the ensuing struggle an Administrative Assistant, Grade II, was bitten. Welter was then had up for assault.

As Welter was a civil servant himself, his lawyer was naturally able to make much of the constitutional argument that the Crown in one capacity cannot be held liable for putting the bite on the Crown in another capacity. The judge, however, seized on the fact that Welter was a tax collector, and pointed out that the powers of tax collectors had not yet been extended to include the actual biting of citizens.

Welter thus lost his case. He also lost the teeth, for he was obliged to file them as Exhibits A and B at the trial. They are now back in Her Majesty's Stores, where they will stay until issued to some other toothless citizen.

Business

How to be Your Own Boss In Ten Thrifty Years

By W. P. SNEAD

THE ASSORTED demands of labor leaders in various industries in this country for large wage increases, based on such resounding terms as "ability to pay" and "productivity," have led to many hard words of late on both sides of the labor-management fence. With labor leaders so unimpressed by the ability of management of various firms and so vociferous about the "enormous" profits being made by some companies, it seems odd that they do not persuade the members of the unions to take over the companies for themselves. It would require no revolution, no great socialist upheaval, only some selling.

The employees of almost any company, either by individual or concerted action, could acquire control of the business in very short order. They could then elect whom they wished to the board of directors of the company and command its affairs in any manner they saw fit.

In an address some time ago, Benjamin Fairless, the president of the giant United States Steel Corporation, told how it could be done. U.S. Steel has approximately 300,000 employees, which includes everyone from the smallest office boy to the president. Together they could buy all of the 26,109,756 common shares of the Corporation by purchasing just 87 shares apiece. At today's prices those 87 shares would cost them about $4,700, about a year's wages for the average steel worker.

By investing $10 a week apiece, the employees of U.S. Steel could buy all of the outstanding common stock in less than nine years, and with the exception of the dividends on the preferred stock, the workers would then be entitled to receive all of the so-called "bloated profit" they have heard so much about. In 1953 U.S. Steel earned $4.54 per share and paid out $3.00 per share of this in dividends. For his investment in 87 shares, each owner would receive $261 a year.

In order to control U.S. Steel the workers would not even have to purchase 87 shares apiece. Sixty-two shares of common stock would give them a voting majority in the corporation's affairs. An investment of only $5 a week would turn the trick in less than 10 years. The employees then could elect their own board of directors, fire the present management if they wished and run the business to suit themselves.

Many similar parallels exist in the Canadian scene. For a concrete example, let us consider the Ford Motor Company of Canada, which has been engaged in a sharp contract dispute with the United Automobile Workers Union.

The annual report for the year ended December 31, 1953, shows that the average number of people employed by this company in 1953 was 14,490, with wages and salaries coming to $58,924,538. As a result of their labors, the total sales of the company were worth $309,443,029 and the cost of the goods sold amounted to $292,420,196. The wage bill was thus roughly one-fifth of the total costs. The company earned, from all its operations, a net profit of $20,029,513 and the shareholders' take-home pay for their investment was $4,976,880. On the basis of the 1,558,960 shares outstanding ("Class A"), the net profit of the company was $12.07 per share and the dividends $3.00. Of the so-called profits, 75 per cent had to be put back into the business.

During the year, the average wage earned per employee was $3,900. Let us assume that the worker could save $10 a week from this amount. In round figures, this would amount to $7½ million for all employees. At the top price of $100 that Ford stock has reached this year, the value of all the company's stock would be $158,896,000. Thus, without any consideration of the reinvestment of dividends, the employees could achieve total ownership of the company in 20 years. In little more than half that time they would have complete voting control over the affairs of the company, as only a simple majority of 51 per cent is needed to elect a board of directors who appoint the management.

The proposition is as simple as that. All it requires is the old-fashioned virtue of being able to save $500 a year—and be willing to assume the risks of ownership.

AN INVESTMENT of $5 a week would give steelworkers control.

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July 30, 1954.

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Calvan Consolidated

I AM GRATEFUL *to you for the advice you gave many months ago in your column on Calvan Consolidated. It surely helped me recoup a loss on another stock. What oil stock would you recommend not of low value with a speculative future?—A. O'C., Calgary.*

One of the first rules of speculation is "stick to the leaders", and this rule applies all the more to the sad situation that Western Oil stocks are in.

As pointed out in one of our recent comments, one of the problems in considering oil stocks is to pick out the small handful of survivors that will be left when the busted oil boom of 1952 has become something to reminisce about.

This brings us back again to Calvan. When this stock was last reviewed, July 10, we estimated that the line of value rested at 4.20. Since that time the price has swung between this point and the low of 3.85, apparently impervious to all the movements in the key New York market.

Another rule of the market that we have been impressed with is "a good investment is also a good speculation" and Calvan would seem to fit into both of these categories.

Should the price be driven down into the 3.25-3.50 level by general market action it would appear to this observer to be a subject for that classical broker's statement of "for your account and risk", with a possible advance into the 5.50 territory that has proved a selling mark so far.

Nu-Age Uranium

I HAVE *recently been advised to buy a large block of shares in Nu-Age Uranium Mines Ltd. Would you recommend this purchase as a sound investment? —P. F: M., Unionville, Ont.*

This company was formed to explore the various properties in which Homer Yellowknife Mines had acquired an interest in April of last year. It holds a 50 per cent interest in 19 claims in the Beaver River area, 8 claims in the Narrow Bay area and 50 claims in the Charlebois Lake area of Saskatchewan. Some other claims are held in the Manitouwadge, Sudbury and Yellowknife areas.

The main exploration effort has been directed to the claims in the Beaver River area, with 3,500 feet of diamond drilling being performed and an adit, a level entry into a hillside, being driven 200 feet by May of this year. No indications have been given as to what values have been obtained from drill cores or other samples.

Of the authorized 3 million share capital, 1,405,005 shares had been issued by the last report and a series of options are outstanding at prices from 20 cents to $1.00, with the 20-cent option still incomplete.

With all of the financing taking place in the 10 to 20 cent bracket, so far the company seems rather pressed for development money. At March 31 of this year it had cash of $8,945.

From the foregoing, it can be seen that the shares of this company, which are offered at 40 cents without a bid, are an outright speculative gamble, being sold only on the hope that exploration will discover a commercial deposit of ore on one of the properties.

Investment

THIS LETTER *is the reverse of the usual ones in your column. I am going to ask you to tell me where I can invest $1,000 which is in the bank collecting 2 per cent interest when it could do better. —E. M. H., St. Catharines, Ont.*

The choice of an investment depends upon the application of a number of possible methods, each best suited to the individual's choice between maximum safety and minimum risk with low return on the money invested and a high return with a much greater degree of risk to capital.

At one extreme are Government bonds, providing a yield of little more than bank interest with an absolute guarantee of a repayment of the dollars invested. At the other are the common shares of some mining companies such as Waite Amulet that provide a yield of 11 per cent, which must be considered as both a repayment of capital and interest commensurate with the risks of such a volatile business as mining.

For the average person wishing to avoid both extremes, we must seek a middle ground, considering such factors as the extremely low rates of interest on Governments forced by the "cheap money" policies of the "money managers" of this continent, and the extremely high levels reached by industrial stocks on the New York and Canadian Stock Exchanges which have reduced yields on the stocks of many major companies to less than those afforded by corporate bonds.

By the process of pruning off the ex-

tremes of both great safety of capital and great returns, we come down to the most neglected group in the investment field: the preferred stocks of solid companies such as public utilities.

A preferred stock is really a sort of hybrid. It carries some of the attributes of a bond in that the rate of interest, or return, is fixed, while it is subject in some degree to the fluctuations that affect the common stock.

With the stock markets very high in their cycle and the money markets seemingly at the bottom of theirs, the preferred stocks seem to provide the minimum of risk with the maximum of return on the basis of cancelling out opposing factors.

One which has been mentioned in these columns a number of times is the 5 per cent, $50 par preferred issue of the British Columbia Electric Co. At 53 they are 5 points above their low of 48 and provide a yield of 4.7 per cent. With cheap money policies likely to prevail for some months, the maximum capital risk seems to be limited to about two points. The yield is more than double bank interest.

Other preferred issues of similar quality are available in various utility issues.

For absolute safety, as much as practically obtainable in this troubled world, one usually must accept the very minimum of yields. The purchase of Governments, above par, as many issues are now quoted, seems at this point to carry a greater risk of capital loss than do the preferred issues of stable companies with long term growth characteristics.

Geco Mines

WHAT DO YOU *think of Geco Mines as a long term investment? I have had the purchase of this stock strongly recommended to me and am wondering whether to take some on or not.—C. K., Toronto.*

The commercial importance of the Geco property is summarized in the agreement of the Mining Corp. of Canada to purchase 744,993 shares of Treasury stock at $10 per share to finance the property to the production stage. Mining Corp. will assume the responsibility for the management and expenditure of the money, and will also supply any additional funds required, with these advances to be repaid out of production.

The total funds needed have been estimated at $15 million, which indicates that more than half of the capital required will have to be borrowed. If the experience of other major mining developments in this country, such as Sherritt Gordon, Labrador Iron and Steep Rock, is any guide, a greater amount of debt financing will be necessary.

The market action of the stock over the past few months would seem to reflect these considerations, with the price hold-

The good memory of Investors . . . . . .

is often taxed when it comes to recalling all of the details about their securities. It is difficult to remember amounts, maturities, interest rates and dates, yields, time of purchase, etc. Yet money may be lost if these things are not remembered or recorded.

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ing to a narrow range near the $1.0 level.

The trading activity and speculative interest necessary for the stimulation of market action productive of speculative profits seem to have faded, and the situation is likely to remain the same until major developments, indicative of higher possible earnings, appear.

As Noranda (see comment July 31) through Mining Corp. will have effective control and first call on earnings, it would appear to be much better tactics to purchase Noranda on one of its cyclical downward moves and enjoy the yield from dividends as well as participation in the entire Noranda empire.

In Brief

SOME TIME AGO *I bought shares in La-Salle Yellowknife. Their quotations are now almost nil. Would you tell me if there are any prospects of a recovery?—M. B., Toronto.*

None visible.

I BOUGHT *Acadia Uranium at 19 cents some time ago. Shall I hold or sell at a loss?—J. M., Halifax.*

Time to salvage.

WOULD YOU *recommend the purchase of National Exploration at 45 cents?—J. G. M., Vancouver.*

Not attractive here.

WOULD YOU *please advise me what I should do about some oil shares called Paige Petroleums. Are they a lemon? I keep getting phone calls from Toronto to buy more and don't know what to do—Mrs. K. E., Kyle, Sask.*

Sell what you have—if you can.

I PURCHASED *Canadian Locomotive at* $30. *Would you suggest selling or hanging on? Broker suggests selling and purchasing North Star Oil or Consumer's Gas for appreciation.—J. W., Toronto.*

Keep the Locomotive.

WHAT DO *you think about the prospects of Clix Athabaska?—C. G. M., Toronto.*

It didn't.

I HAVE *recently purchased shares in the Rock Hill Uranium Ltd. Could you give me any information on the prospects of this company?—P. L., Edmonton.*

All on the end of the diamond drill.

COULD YOU *give me any information on Foster Cobalt Mining Co., bought in 1907? —G. H. C., Toronto.*

Wound up and 1.9 cents distributed per share.

CAN YOU *give me some information on New World Oil?—W. A. I., Vancouver.*

Last reported drilling in Wyoming.

IS THERE *any future for Chesgo Mines? —L. L. M., Hamilton.*

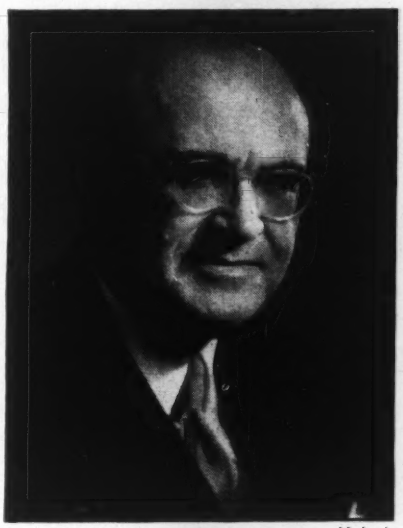
As moose pasture? Yes.

Who's Who in Business

"Stimulating and Remunerative"

By J. W. Bacque

"IF A MAN is curious, he'll get just as much fun out of business as anything else," says Herbert H. Lank, 50, president of the newly-formed company, Du Pont of Canada Limited. Mr. Lank had, early in his life, the opportunity of satisfying his own curiosity with a career of magazine work, but he decided, without much hesitation, to go into Du Pont, where he has been ever since. "I wanted something industrial," he says, "and I'm satisfied now that I chose correctly in 1925."



HERBERT H. LANK — *Nakash*

Mr. Lank received his primary education in his home state of Delaware, and started his university education at the University of Delaware. He took his second-year credits in France, returning to graduate from Delaware in 1925. He joined Du Pont of New Jersey shortly after graduation, then went back to France. "I was a translator in sales service at the ripe age of 23," he says, "mostly because I could speak fluent French, and only partly because of any executive ability."

After two years there, he returned to the U.S. as assistant export sales manager in the finishes department, where he remained for three years. His next move was to Argentina as commercial director of Industrias Quimicas Duperial. "I was there for 11 years, and I've never lived better in my life," he says. "Of course, that was South America's golden era."

He came to Canada in 1942 as special assistant to the president of Canadian Industries Limited and received a vice-presidency the following year. His election to the board of directors came in April, 1949. When, in July, 1954, C-I-L was divided into two parts as the result of a U.S. court order, Mr. Lank became president of Du Pont. His company received about 3,000 of C-I-L's former total of 9,000 employees, three film and textile fibre plants manufacturing cellophane film and nylon filament, and numerous Canadian resale franchises including those for orlon acrylic fibres, X-ray film and insecticides.

Mr. Lank denies vigorously the existence of any cartels in Canada. He says: "It's always very simple for irresponsible persons to dispose of these businesses by accusing them of collusion, but there's nothing in it. As a matter of fact, I am happy to say that big business has a good reputation now, better than ever, because it gives the customer a fair shake. Therefore, although the situation is far from perfect, it is no coincidence that the climate in which business operates in Canada today is better than it was."

Mr. Lank attributes his success, which he describes as only "passing fair", to his habit of "just plugging along". "That's the way you make permanent progress," he says, "and by occasionally showing signs of novel thinking." Living abroad has pleased Mr. Lank, and he thinks of himself as somewhat of an international figure. "I met my wife in France," he says. "One of our children was born there, two in South America, and a grandson in Canada, and now the boys are becoming Canadian citizens. It doesn't bother me to be on the move, although it is a little tough on the family. But they have learned to make friends, and acquire languages easily. We came to Canada by choice, because I wanted my kids to be educated here, and the schools are even better than I anticipated."

He likes to visit his home in the Laurentians with his family. "I go up there and just vegetate," he says. "I am allergic to exercise." Music is his favorite relaxation: "I like all kinds — classical and jazz, but especially Rimsky-Korsakoff."

Although his manner is often casually talkative, he can become impatient and tenaciously insistent upon a point. He says of his relationship with the company: "I give value for value received and I find my work stimulating and remunerative."

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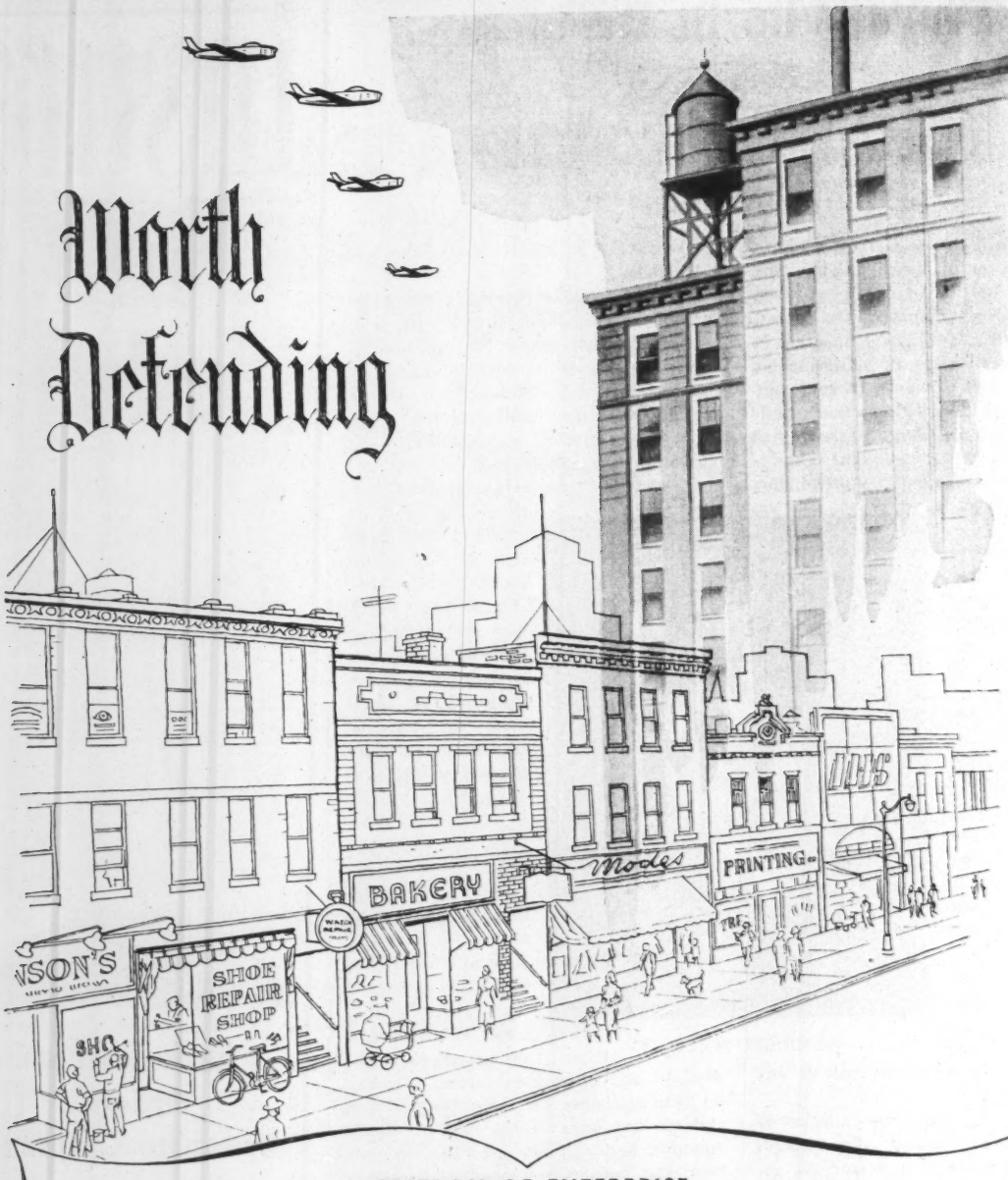

FREEDOM OF ENTERPRISE

In a free society a man may work for himself or work for others . . . own his own small shop . . . or build a factory.

In a totalitarian state he is a mere cog . . . a number on a card, slotted into a master-plan of iron control and regimentation.

Freedom of enterprise should be everyone's right . . . the right to choose the work one is best fitted to do . . . to benefit freely from the results of one's own creativeness . . . to reach toward the stars. Most assuredly, freedom of enterprise is *worth defending.*

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women

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, *who is to accompany her mother, H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, to Canada. The Duchess will open the Canadian National Exhibition, in Toronto, on August 27.*

Photo: Dorothy Wilding

Conversation Pieces:

WE ARE GLAD to report that Beatrice Lillie has come out against the Capri haircut. The Capri cut is being currently modelled by Audrey Hepburn, Jeanmaire, and Leslie Caron, who all look as though their lovely heads had been gone over rather carelessly by a dull lawn mower. Lady Peel herself had a Capri haircut last year and demonstrated to the press what it looked like. She did this by raking her tidy hair forward, then strewing it in all directions. ("My dears, I can't be that funny! Oh, you're wonderful!") The new haircut is just possible for girls who have talents to offset it. Less gifted types should beware of the hair-stylist who assures them it will make them look bewitching. It won't. They'll just look bewitched.

According to a New York fashion writer, women tend to cut their hair in hard times, whereas, in periods when they are protected and cherished, they develop complicated coiffures. The theory appears to be sound. Elaborately coiffed heads rolled under the French guillotine during the Revolution, the sense of personal security having arrived too late. Every Jane Austen heroine, however humble, appears to have had a personal maid to see to her hair before she set out for a county ball. In the case of the modern woman, the pattern can be clearly traced. Feeling insecure, she hurries out to get a job. Financial independence produces emotional insecurity. Emotional insecurity sends her upstairs to chop off her hair. (In the case of a Capri cut, she can get much the same results by going to a hair-stylist, only it costs more.)

Another male fashion that the feminine trade has taken over is the trench coat. It is now being developed in satin, brocade and velvet, with jewelled belts and buttons. The new cocktail trench coat is raffishly cut, and the idea is to make the wearer look as important as Humphrey Bogart and, of course, a lot prettier.

It seems that men are a good deal brighter when dealing with problems presented by their own sex than in laying down rules for ours. In Wigan, Lancashire, for instance, magistrates came up with the idea of making paternal attendance compulsory at the trials of juvenile delinquents. As a result, convictions dropped from 268 in 1948 to 191 in 1952. Last year they were down to 75. Various explanations have been put forward to explain the decline. One is that fathers, after going through the judicial wringer, were sufficiently sobered by the experience to see that the situation didn't recur. A less optimistic viewpoint is that the parents were more experienced delinquents than their children, and so better able to instruct their offspring on how not to get caught.

We feel we must report on another Trend House, this one with a motorized living-room which can be turned in any direction. It operates on a turntable, and since anyone can operate the instrument panel, it sounds like the kind of room that would never be safe to enter in the dark.

All sorts of troubles are bound to arise. Someone, for instance, will be sure to operate the mechanism so that the living-room faces directly into the garage, at which point the turntable will stick. The company, when telephoned, will say that they are having a lot of turntable trouble, but will try to get a man up by Thursday. In the meantime the family, instead of facing the rock-garden and herbaceous border, will find themselves staring dismally at the usual display of empty oil cans, used licence plates and old outer casings.

The garage, as pictured, looks like a square-cut baby beetle nestling up to a larger mother beetle. It is promised for 1964, which is still a long way off.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT: *l to r, Mrs. Margaret Campbell, retiring National President, a business woman in Vancouver; guest speaker Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, now 78 years of age and the mother in the best-selling book,* Cheaper by the Dozen, *an engineer by profession; and Mrs. G. R. D. Laycock, the incoming National President, a civil servant in Winnipeg.*

"Women—Horizons Unlimited"

Fourteenth Biennial Convention The Canadian Federation of Business & Professional Women's Clubs

Photos: Gerry Campbell of Ashley & Crippen

BETWEEN MEETINGS: *Anita Wilson (l), Newfoundland President, a fashion accessory buyer for Bowring Bros. St. John's, and Ruth S. McGill, a past president of the Federation, who is a lawyer in Regina.*

ELIZABETH FORBES, *Women's Editor,* Victoria Daily Times.

AT THE FINAL BANQUET: *l to r, Marjorie Laws, an accountant in Moncton, NB; Margaret Nairn, a pharmacist in Moose Jaw, Sask; Mrs. Margery Pewtress, a business woman in Cobourg and the re-elected Ontario President; and Norma Tissot, a business woman in Winnipeg and the re-elected Manitoba President.*

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

THE DEDRLE SYSTEM of comparison of echo mates leads to a deal of sub-division. In the first place, the actual position of the black King may or may not have been changed. In the former case, if the King is mated on squares of different color, the mates are known as a chameleon echo, a simple graphic name.

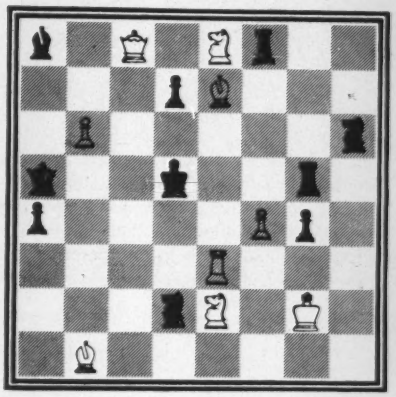
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 78.

1.Q-K7, K-K6; 2.Q-B5ch, K-B5; 3.Q-B1 mate. 1.Q-K7, K-B6; 2.Kt-Q3ch, K-B5; 3.QxP mate. 1.Q-K7, K-Q4; 2.Q-Kt4, P-B4; 3.Q-Q2 mate.

In the first two variations we have a perfect chameleon echo of a model mate. If P-B4; 2.K-Q2, etc. The threat is 2.Q-Kt4ch.

PROBLEM NO. 79, by "Centaur."

Black—Ten Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White mates in two.

Cross Over This?

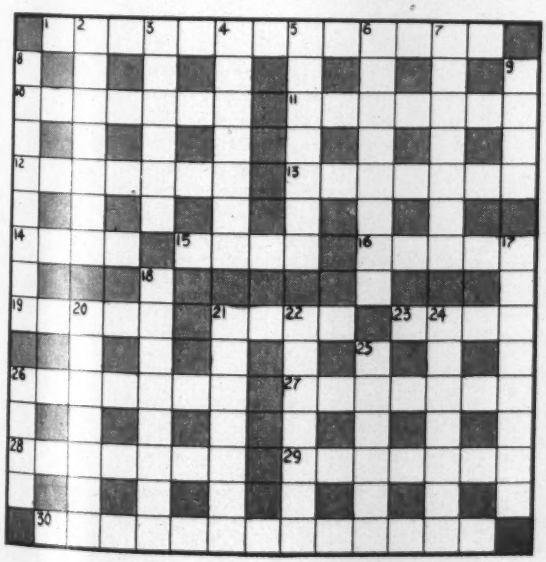
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. It's on the down grade, no doubt. (3,4,2,4.)
10. They offer nothing to spit on when upset. (7)
11. The cereal has started to get burnt on the range. (7)
12. They've driven their animals to death! (7)
13. One of those that Lewis Carroll placed before royalty. (7)
14. Return it to him. (4)
15. It was performed alone, for a change, in Norway. (4)
16. The end of the road? (5)
19. He left the road early in Britain. (5)
21. Quickly made over, she was! (4)
23. How one would look in scanties! (4)
26. Dance in Abraham's city? On the contrary! (7)
27. First man to take a Scot to make a road. (7)
28. The destruction of 1 has brought nothing to the U.S.! (7)
29. One can't get them round because of the corners. (7)
30. Stirrup cup? (3,3,3,4)

DOWN

2. When matching a shoe be prepared to leave in a hurry. (7)
3. This scholar sounds as though he had ways, if not means. (6)
4. The fool sits around. (7)
5. In the long run you'll puff up this road. (7)
6. Where hobos may pillow on soft shoulders? (8)
7. Bring the East to North America in state. (7)
8. In which 26 down takes rest until wrecked. (8)
9. Roadside? (4)
17. Unlike an elephant, the trunk is on this part of an 8. (8)
18. How the tap-dancer does his turn? (2,3,3)
20. One man who won't have to rocket to Mars. (7)
21. Was it a tragedy to an American to be addressed "Deer Sir" in error? (7)
22. Mother started it and partially finished it. That's great! (7)
24. Instrumentalists can daze different audiences with it. (7)
25. What a sight seen through binoculars! (6)
26. She took the wrong road. So dumb! (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1. Kitty
4. See 23
10. Invasion
11. Rebuff
12. Ebb
13. Atomic
14. Even
16. Terror
17. Delilahs
18. Convicts
22. Attics
24. Stay
25. Onager
26. Ace
28. Soared
29. Internal
30. See 9
31. Study

DOWN

2. Ignoble
3. That
5. Unnamed
6. Lyrical
7. Tablecloth
8. Refresh
9. 30. Mister President
15. Graveyards
19. Outpour
20. Crowded
21. Station
22. Agents
23, 4. Cock and bull story
27. Fret

(327)

TRY DUBONNET "STRAIGHT"

SERVE DUBONNET CHILLED

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Letters

Self-Respect

YOUR ARTICLE on The Rise of Nationalism in Scotland and Wales, by Ivor Brown (S.N. July 10), was the best I have yet read on the subject. He covers it clearly and concisely. Since I was old enough to do my own thinking I have always believed that those who are against Home Rule are The Church of Scotland, The Episcopal Church in Scotland, the Lords, the Lairds, the Laborites and the wealthier people of the City of Edinburgh who despise the accent of their ancestors and the ancient and euphonious Gaelic language of the north-west. They are materialists, and do not have the national self-respect of the people of Denmark, Switzerland or even little Liechtenstein. . .

Vancouver FLORA F. BARNET

National Hero

THOUGH I am all for Canadian nationalism, and regret the absence of any Canadian hero, there are two points on which I disagree with Mr. Morris Bishop: his statement that Britain has a national hero, and that we are the only nation without one; and his idea that a hero could spring up at our bidding.

I am sure that Queen Victoria is not the British heroine. The adjective "Victorian" has never been a compliment as long as I can remember, and I was brought up in England. The British have several heroes and heroines. . . The present hero, I believe, is Sir Edmund Hillary, a New Zealander. . .

To expect a hero to spring up at once is to expect a blooming flower from a seed just planted. Mr. Bishop says truly that one cannot appoint, elect, or impose a national hero; why then should the Ministries of Education join an enterprise to make Champlain our hero? What is more to the point, in my opinion, is Mr. Robertson Davies's longing for "a few more good novels, some poems which could water the baking asphalt of the Canadian scene, some plays to bring us joy, and a longer shelf of rowdy, sousing satire!"

It is often through its art that a nation achieves identity. If the Scots have a national hero, it is probably Robert Burns, judging by the number of Burns Clubs, Burns dinners, and Burns statues. Though Stephen Leacock perhaps does not qualify as a Canadian hero, there may emerge some Canadian writer who will stamp Canada in people's minds, unmistakably and unforgettably.

Edmonton (MRS.) JEAN ORCHARD

Aggression

. . . THE United Nations was formed to preserve the peace of the world not to condemn China, *in absentia*, constituting itself witness for the prosecution, attorney for the prosecution and judge all three in one. Let us bear in mind that there are various types of aggression. There can be economic aggression, aggression by threats and intimidation and there can be fascist aggression by which the world has been ravaged twice in a quarter of a century and which seems to be still with us. Communism is an ideal—call it a virus if you will—but one cannot protect himself against small pox, for instance, by force of arms. He has to keep sound in mind and body. The only way to combat it is to make the world healthy economically and socially thus removing and avoiding the conditions upon which Communism thrives. . .

Notwithstanding Mr. Woodside's slur on Britain (SATURDAY NIGHT, July 24) she has the clearest conception of what is transpiring in the world today and supports her views with reasoned arguments free from bias and backed by many centuries of experience in constitutional evolution. Time will cure many evils if the UN is permitted to function as it was intended to function but how can it do so efficiently if the Government of a people numbering 20 per cent to 25 per cent of the world's population is barred admission. The UN should be used for its proper purpose.

Westmount, Que. GORDON LAIRD

THE July 24 issue contains a very fine article by Willson Woodside and I entirely agree with the statements contained therein.

It is reported as a legend that Sir John A. Macdonald said never write a letter and never destroy one. I am writing a letter, but I wish more Editors of magazines, newspapers, etc. would follow Mr. Woodside in his sentiments contained in this article.

Winnipeg (SENATOR) JOHN T. HAIG

Of Many Things

E. W. GREEN takes issue with your interpretation of the royal title "Defender of the Faith". He suggests that the faith referred to is that of the "official" English Church, the Anglican. The fact is, of course, that the title was conferred by the Pope on Henry VIII after the latter had produced a treatise attacking Martin Luther—an event that occurred in 1521. . .

Ottawa PATRICK CARMODY

COME NOW, Emlyn Jones. The ability to receive a compliment graciously, however far-fetched it may be, is a mark of good manners. If the Indian gentleman thought Canadians courteous, sagacious and dynamic, let's try to live up to it instead of thinking ourselves "drab little fish in a big muddy puddle". After all, many a speckled beauty has come out of the old mud-hole.

Caledon, Ont. ANGUS BUCHANAN

. . . IT MAY interest your readers to know how it came about that Christopher Fry's play called *The Dark is Light Enough* is so named. The title is taken from a passage written by Henri Fabre, the great French entomologist, about the butterfly in darkness and storm: "So well it directs its tortuous flight that in spite of all the obstacles to be evaded, it arrives in a state of perfect freshness, its great wings intact. The dark is light enough".

Toronto THOMAS H. LANT

INDEX

	PAGE
BOOKS	11
BUSINESS	21
CANADA ABROAD	5
FILMS	18
GOLD & DROSS	22
LETTER FROM MONTREAL	9
MINUTES OF THE LAST MEETING	13
OTTAWA LETTER	10
WOMEN	27

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August